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Eudora Welty, author of "The Golden Apples." *(See page 9)*

My Kind of Poetry

By PETER VIERECK

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Charles Morgan...

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August 27, 1949

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HORIZON

From the plane they watched the running figure pin-pointed by the flashes of tracer fire. They dropped his supplies—grenades, shoes—and the plane climbed, cleared the pass, headed away from Crete. Five years later they stood on the hard earth of that high ravine, at the end—or was it the beginning?—of their search. Now they would see his face, shake his hand, hear his name. They would know the man: solve the riddle of that figure running through a blaze of gunfire toward help falling from the skies.

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ALFRED·A·KNOPF

Publisher

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TRADE Winds

ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING features of the 1949 concert series at Lewisohn Stadium was the piano playing of William Kapell—and a lot of publishers and booksellers were in the capacity audience that applauded him, for Kapell is the son of the proprietors of the spic-and-span book shop on Lexington Avenue and Seventy-ninth Street. The young William occasionally clerked there between lessons—or at least he did until the day his father heard him dissuading a customer from purchasing a leather address book for seven-fifty. "Lady, it's a gyp," the budding genius told her. "I can get you one just as good for a quarter." . . . Willy made his professional debut at the age of nineteen for a fee of $75. In 1949, seven years later, his stipend runs into four figures per concert—and he is booked solidly for the season. The *Chicago Tribune* reported, "Young Mr. Kapell's stock is soaring like a Deep South thermometer in mid-summer." Kapell, Sr., is justly proud of his boy, but couldn't help commenting, "The stock in my book store has been soaring this season, too." . . .

ON THE DAY NANCY MITFORD'S "Love in a Cold Climate" was published in London, the unpredictable English temperature soared to ninety degrees —and stayed there for a week. The unusual heat was responsible for a lot of weird happenings along the Strand, not the least of which was a challenge to a cricket match flung in the teeth of a number of well-fed, sluggish publishers by a team of eager young authors. I haven't been able to ascertain the result (will Hamish Hamilton kindly supply the details?) but the staid London *Times* was moved to run this editorial on the morning of the fray:

Vendetta

It can hardly be expected that today's cricket match between a team of authors and a team of publishers will exhibit the normal relations between these two classes of person in any very realistic light. If they had challenged each other at (say) the Wall Game there might have been scope for their mutual antipathies to express themselves in overt or covert acts of violence, and there is little doubt that in such a case the casualties among the publishers, even if they had won the game, would have been heavier and more serious than on the other side. For no publisher could ever bring himself to kill or even to disable an author. It would not, or at least it very easily might not, pay. Even if the author's works are published by some rival house, the publisher is well acquainted with the fickleness of the species. Who knows but what the gifted creature may one day, in a tantrum, take his deathless or anyhow profitable manuscripts elsewhere? The publisher may be unable, in the heat of the struggle, to restrain himself from giving the author a little, irritable push; but he will not stamp upon his face.

No such quality of mercy resides in the author's savage breast. Incapable of gratitude, he regards every publisher as his natural enemy. Bloated middlemen, parasites who draw their overabundant sustenance from the life-blood of his Muse, publishers arouse in him the same sort of tacit antipathy which infantry entertain for the staff. He knows, moreover, that there are plenty of them. His genius is irreplaceable; of their meager administrative and commercial talents there is, if anything, a glut. Place one of these bloodsuckers at his mercy and he will not hesitate to wreak upon him an exemplary vengeance.

In a cricket match, however—even in a cricket match between literary gentlemen—the opportunities for inflicting serious injuries on one's opponents are limited. A fast bowler might, it is true, stimulate a demand for stretcher-bearers; but authors, haled from their desks to blink like owls upon the unaccustomed turf, are not the sort of team to throw up a fast bowler, or not at any rate a fast bowler who will bowl fast for very long. Publishers, moreover, have acquired by virtue of their calling considerabe evasive agility. They may not be able to return the deliveries of some insensate poet quite as smoothly and dexterously as they are accustomed to return his manuscripts; and they cannot avoid a rising ball, as they can a writer who seems unlikely to rise, by pretending to be in conference; but they are sharp-witted fellows, full of cunning, and though they may not come off scatheless the authors will be lucky if the venom which inspires their attack is matched by the damage which it inflicts on their exploiters. When stumps are drawn old scores will still remain to be paid off; and whether, in the interim, any scores worth mentioning of another kind will have accrued to either side remains to be seen.

Another English dispatch, direct from Oxford University, reveals the fact that monks in Reading Abbey went in for doodling as long ago as the twelfth century. "On the margins of crumbling religious tracts, compiled over eight hundred years ago," says the report, "curators have discovered notes in Latin and drawings, in purple ink, of girls wearing wimples (cloth coverings for the head and neck), monks with comical faces, plump cupids, and anatomical sketches." Rack up another score for adherents of the theory that human nature remains about the same, regardless of time or place! . . .

ONE OF THE GREAT WORKS of modern literature will be completed on October 7 when "Mary," by Sholem Asch, is published by Putnam's. Although it is a complete novel in itself, it is also a climax of the trilogy which began with the resounding best sellers, "The Nazarene" and "The Apostle." . . . Jane Austen, the novelist, along with her sister Cassandra, her rich uncle and aunt in Bath, and her London publishers are the principal characters in a novel entitled "Parson Austen's Daughter," by Helen Ashton, which Dodd, Mead has scheduled for September 6. . . . There will be a new two-volume edition of Jane Austen's complete works ready for spring 1950, designed by Warren Chappell, with an introduction by *SRL*'s Amy Loveman. . . . When Martha Foley was compiling "The Best American Short Stories of 1948" for Houghton Mifflin, several authors asked to revise their work. Miss Foley's chief assistant was indignant. "Who do these writers think they are?" she demanded. "A magazine buys and prints their stories and we select them as the best of the year. What more do they want?" The scene now shifts to 1949. Miss Foley decided to include a story by the chief assistant herself. The assistant (you guessed it) promptly exclaimed, "There are a lot of changes I want to make first!"

THE AUGUST SESSION of Ben Huebsch's Pun-American Congress was a particularly agonizing one for the

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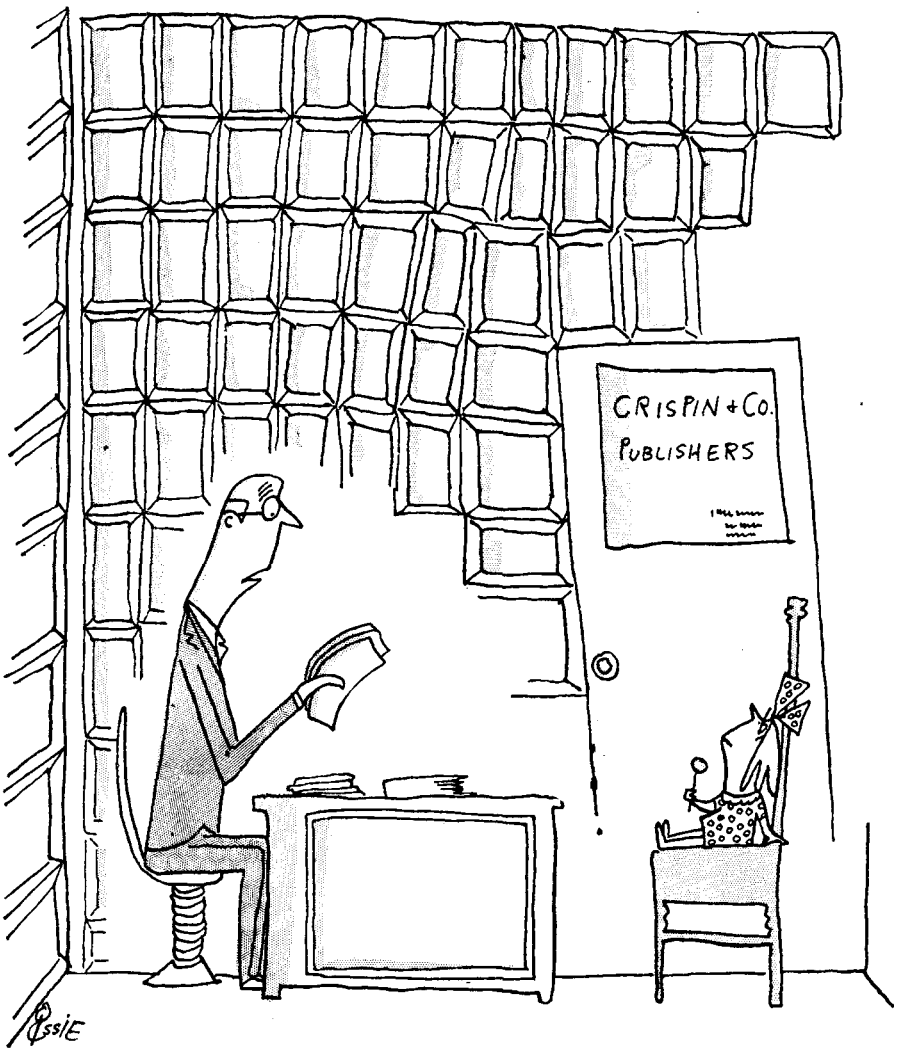
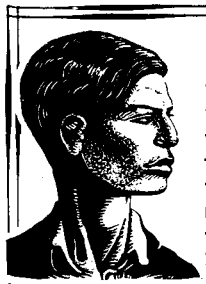


"And is this a first novel?"

benumbed spectators. The voice of Commander Francis W. McCann, for instance, was heard all the way from Honolulu, warbling slightly off-key and with a resonant Scotch burr, "Utica the High Road; Ithaca the Low Road; Albany New York afore you." Colonel Duffy reported the arrival of an Irish dignitary who held his liquor so well they called him the County Cork. The Old Master himself confessed that his pet cow was being psychoanalyzed. It seems she has a fodder complex. John Smith is having trouble with his cow, too. His son, a devotee of bebop, is constantly trying to throw the poor animal into a fireman's net. He wants to see the Jersey bounce. . . .

SPEAKING OF BEN HUEBSCH, that distinguished publisher dined recently with another particular favorite of TRADE WINDS, the good Professor Irwin Edman. It was a hot, sticky evening, and both gentlemen peeled off their jackets. Along about eleven the good professor sought to show Mr. Huebsch a document. He extracted a handful of papers from the inside pocket of the coat hung over the back of his chair, and hastily examined the lot. Unfortunately he could not find the paper he wanted and, in some annoyance, threw the others into the trash basket. Mr. Huebsch protested mildly, "Hey, that's my jacket." . . . The good professor had another harrowing experience at a barber shop the following Saturday. His favorite tonsorial expert was extremely busy, and Irwin had to wait an hour and a half for his turn. When it finally came he settled himself in the chair. The barber said, "What is it you wish, Professor?" Irwin answered, "A haircut, as usual." The barber said, "But Professor Edman, I cut your hair this morning." . . . Possibly you have heard of Irwin's experiences in Kingsport, Tennessee. He delivered a spirited lecture there on the subject of the Medes and the Persians. At its conclusion a stout party bustled up to the platform, wrung his hand warmly, and told him, "Yo' talk was particularly interestin' to me, Professor. You see, mah mother was a Meade."

—BENNETT CERF.



On August 6 we showed how four new books were surviving the tests put on them by first readers, trade forecasters, and SRL reviewers.

REVOLT IN SAN MARCOS

has just been published, and though wished well by manuscript reader ("I see no ceiling or floor to the book's possibilities") and trade reporter, it was then still in the waiting room, hoping for the third wise doctor's pondered pronouncement that all would be well.

A week later it came, as Herschel Brickell opened the office door, shaking his patient's hand warmly.

"This remarkable novel, the work of a fine scholar filled with passion, goes straight to the heart of the Latin American problem, the clash of New and Old World cultures, the conflict, as yet unresolved, between conquerors and conquered . . . One of the primary uses of fiction, to make life real and vivid and to make people see and feel it, is a clean accomplishment of this impressive book. To read it is an experience likely to 'engage' the emotions, in a current phrase of French criticism, and if this happens, the reader will be left a changed person, with a widened horizon and a deepened understanding of a problem which is in its essence quite as much our own as it is our neighbors to the south of us . . . the achievement, unequalled in any book of which this reviewer has knowledge, is a result of great talent playing upon rich material, and it stands as a work of art that may very well become a classic."

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   1. Scarlock—one of Robin Hood's men, from *A Geste of Robin Hood* and other versions of the same legend.
   2. Mad Hatter — character from Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland.*

3. Each entry must be accompanied by a supporting statement, not over 50 words in length, telling what the contestants liked best about SILVERLOCK.

4. All entries must be postmarked not later than December 31, 1949, and addressed to SILVERLOCK Contest, Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

5. Prizes are offered for the greatest number of correctly identified literary allusions and references found in the pages of SLIVERLOCK.

6. A first prize of One Hundred Dollars ($100.00) will be given the contestant who submits the largest number of correct identifications.

7. Five consolation prizes, each one consisting of books of $10.00 retail value selected by the winners from the list of E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., will be awarded to the contestants submitting the five next most complete lists of identifications. The latest Dutton catalogue will be sent to the consolation-prize-winners to make their selection easier.

8. In case of ties in the number of correct identifications, prizes will be given to those contestants whose supporting statements are, in the opinion of the judges, best thought out and expressed.

9. All supporting statements submitted in this contest shall become the sole property of the publishers of SILVERLOCK, without further permission from or recompense to their writers.

10. The judges will be John Myers Myers, author of SILVERLOCK; Harrison Smith, President and Associate Editor, Saturday Review of Literature; and Nicholas Wreden, Vice-President and Editor-in-Chief, E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., publishers of SILVERLOCK.

11. All winners will be notified direct by the publishers of SILVERLOCK, as soon as possible after January 1, 1950; and the names of all winners will be sent to bookstores and released for reprinting to the book-trade and the general press of the country.

12. Extra copies of those rules may be had from the Saturday Review of Literature, or E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., on request—no charge or obligation.

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WHAT IS THE FIRST PRIZE?

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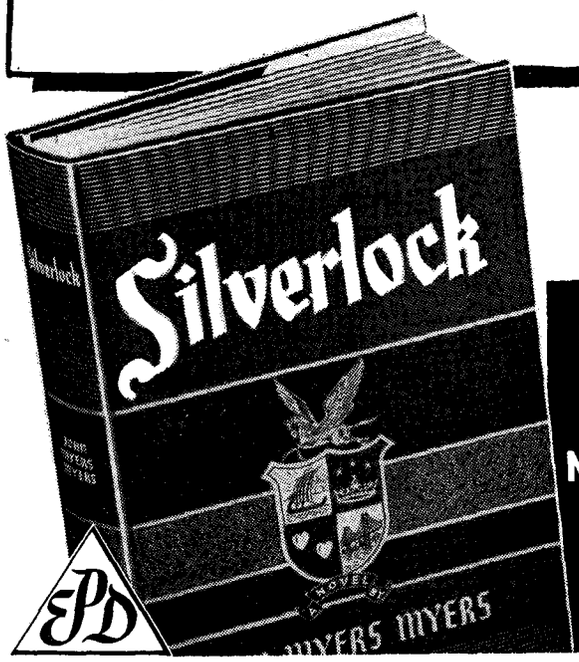

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Contestant's name .....

Contestant's address .....

City .....Zone .....State .....

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(Contestant's signature.)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

My Kind of Poetry

PETER VIERECK

—Eric Stahlberg.

Peter Viereck

EDITOR'S NOTE: SRL *continues the discussion of the current crisis in poetry begun by Robert Hillyer's "Treason's Strange Fruit" and "Poetry's New Priesthood"* [SRL, *June* 11, 18, 1949] *with the following credo of Peter Viereck, one of the leading younger American poets. As Mr. Viereck has pointed out, he "was serving against Fascism as an American sergeant in the Italian campaign at the very time when Ezra Pound was comfortably broadcasting his Fascism and treason from Mussolini's Ministry of Propaganda." Mr. Viereck, who teaches history at Smith College, is author of the anti-Nazi "Metapolitics" and of "Conservatism Revisited," a "political and cultural credo" to be published soon. His first book of poetry, "Terror and Decorum," won a* 1948 *Pulitzer Prize, the year Pound was given the Bollingen Award. He recently left for Europe to use a Guggenheim fellowship for work on another volume of verse.*

I ADDRESS myself to that intelligent general reader who has been scared away from poetry but who might return if addressed straightforwardly instead of being baited by the jargon of fads. Asked by the editors to discuss my "*personal* theory and practice of poetry," I attempt this embarrassing task on the assumption that any sincere and serious discussion, even by and about an inadequate apprentice, tends to stimulate free debate.

Right from the start, I must disappoint many readers by the unexciting conservatism of my poetic techniques. After experimenting with more easy-going prosodies, I've found it more effective to adhere to the admittedly arbitrary laws of conventional rhyme and meter. In the history of English literature these have again and again been discarded as "outworn" but have returned to outwear the discarders. Irregular scansion can be useful onomatopoeia to bring out a jolt in the mood or the narrative. But as Amy Lowell's revolt illustrated, this is a habit-forming drug. Used once too often in poetry, irregularity becomes just another kind of regularity, that of prose.

Equally conservative is my passionate conviction that the time is now ripe for a frontal assault on obscurity as inartistic—*provided* the assault is not allowed to play into the hands of those who want a pretext for being lazy about poetry. The time is ripe for poets and readers, both making sincerer efforts at mutual understanding, to end the schism between them by restoring communication. The eighteenth-century motto "Be thou clear!" expresses the timeliest need of American poetry in 1949.

It's not enough to say: a poet must belong to none of the arty coteries. It's essential that he actively sin against their rituals. My own sin is twofold: (1) I've content—something to say about the profane world they scorn—and not only form; this makes me an "impure" poet. (2) I try to communicate to the qualified layman also, instead of only to fellow poets and critics; this makes me a philistine.

My style has been ironically summarized as "Manhattan classicism." In case labels are necessary at all, that's as accurate a label as any. Mine is not the arcadian escapism of an aloof anti-urban classicism but a classicism of the industrial age, with an ivory tower built where the subway rumbles loudest. Being classicist means that my poetry is equally interested in shaking off the vague sentimentalities of the pre-Eliot romanticism and the hermetic ingenuiuities of the post-Eliot version of neoclassicism. The latter contains no fun and no humanness, two "vulgar" qualities that are the lifeblood of art. What was new and imaginative in the master becomes a slot-machine stereotype in the disciples, who thereby create a new and more insidious type of Babbitt: the highbrow Babbitt-baiting Babbitt. Thus does an exciting literary movement age into a cocktail-party clique, a mutual-admiration pact, a pressure group upon college English departments and "little magazines." Think ye, because ye are virtuosos, there shall be no more cakes and ales?

These ruling literary trends explain the awe of the fancier critics for the ninety-eight per cent incoherent, two per cent lovely, and persistently Fascist "The Pisan Cantos" of the man who did so much to establish the Eliot movement. Does this imply Fascist sympathies in the New Criticism, in Eliot, or in the other Bollingen judges? Emphatically not! Some of the judges, notably Auden, were among the first poets to fight Fascism from the very start. Their majority vote for Pound implies not Fascism but an untenable doctrinaire attempt to separate form from content and to separate poetry from its inextricable moral and historical context.

I'm participating in this democratic open forum not in order to agree with the recent articles but in a spirit of

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double indignation, disagreeing vigorously with both sides of the *SRL* controversy. My first indignation is against the award, against the Fascism and anti-Semitism of "The Pisan Cantos," and against the cult of obscurity which this book likewise symbolizes. My second indignation is against the absurd aspersions made—in parts of the *SRL* forum—upon the political and the literary role of the Bollingen judges. These men (Tate, Warren, Auden, Eliot) are obviously not only non-Fascist but among the world's most serious poets, for whose inspiring esthetic integrity any number of lesser poets, including me, feel a gratitude and admiration unaltered by this and other disagreements. Let's be skeptical of the superficially plausible doctrine of guilt by association, whether applied to the Red-baiting of harmless liberals or to the Fascist-baiting of poets accidentally associated with a politically improper proper name ("Bollingen").

The author's well-known services to literature in the past and all the beauty of his "Personae" do not change the fact that "The Pisan Cantos" are ugly gibberish. Yet what courtier will ever admit that the emperor has no clothes? In other words, one should feel a deep compassion for those poor reviewers who struggle so painfully to praise "The Pisan Cantos" because they dared not, in view of avant-garde prestige, admit they couldn't make head or tail out of them. According to Karl Shapiro in the *Partisan Review*, "For reasons of personal loyalty, which one must respect, and for reasons of sectarian literary loyalty, which one may or may not respect, few poets anywhere are in a position to say what they really think of Pound's work."

IN MY book "Conservatism Revisited: The Revolt Against Revolt," to be published this September by Scribner's, I've defined my humanist classical credo in general. Here I shall try to be more specific about concrete examples of my poetry. When they violate my conservative working principles, as they sometimes do, this is occasionally done on purpose, using disharmony to bring out the harmony by contrast. More often it may pretend to be on purpose but is really done out of insufficient competence, in which case so much the worse for me and my writings rather than so much the worse for the principles.

Just as political liberty is not based on a radical smashing of traffic lights but on law and traditional established institutions, so poetry must be subjected to the challenge of form, the more rigorous and traditional and conservative the better, to bring out the response of beauty—if one may apply Toynbee's "challenge and response" to art. For my own poems, form—Toynbee's "challenge"—always means rhythm and usually means rhyme. I try to avoid those fraudulent rhymes that change the consonants. But for certain purposes my rhymes use slightly different vowel sounds with the same consonants. In his essay "Peter Viereck: The Poet and The Form," published in a recent *University of Kansas City Review*, Professor John Ciardi, of the Harvard English Department, summarizes my most characteristic use of rhyme-vowels:

> Viereck has what Eliot has called "the audio-imagination," with a sure sense of how rhyme can function to punctuate, emphasize, and resolve the flow of the poem. The reader who has thought of rhyme only as a regularly-arranged ornamentation will do well to underscore this point in his mind. Skilfully used, rhyme is a rich device for controlling the reader's voice, teaching him to hear the poem as the poet heard it.
>
> For example, Viereck's poem "Crass Times Redeemed by Dignity of Souls." This is an incantatory poem. The poet wants the poem read in a mechanical litanized way. Such a reading requires a full voice stop at the end of each line. But normally if the meaning does not pause, the voice continues on to the next line. You then have a run-on or *enjambement*. The first three lines in this passage do not provide a pause in meaning. Here, the poet makes rhyme function. The triple use of the strong "oals" rhyme demands stress. Thus, despite the run-on, the rhyme produces the desired voice-stress. In the subsequent lines, this device is not needed since there is a meaning-pause at the end of each line with the exception of the next to the last. And there again you will note the rhyme of "knives" becomes heavy, again requiring a stress. By "heavy" I mean closely positioned as the second rhyme of a couplet, a strong "ives" sound, and a literal rhyme as opposed to the approximate rhyme of "are" and "hear" that precedes:
>
> The weight that tortures diamonds out of coals
> Is lighter than the skimming hooves of foals
> Compared to one old heaviness our souls
> Hoist daily, each alone, and cannot share;
> To-be-awake, to sense, to-be-aware.
> Then even the dusty dreams that clog our skulls,
> The rant and thunder of the storm we are,
> The sunny silences our prophets hear,
> The rainbow of the oil upon the shoals,
> The crimes and Christmases of creature-lives,

(*Continued on page* 35)

Your Literary I. Q.

AH! WHAT A DUSTY ANSWER!

By Howard Collins

Ann Gossman, of Houston, Tex., offers twenty quotations which mention dust. (Dust dost everything.) (Pardon me, it's the heat.) Allowing five points if you can name either the poet or the poem, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and better than that is super. Answers on page 14.

1. I will show you fear in a handful of dust.
2. "I'll never throw dust in a juryman's eyes,"
   (Said I to myself, said I).
3. Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie.
4. When the lamp is shattered, the light in the dust lies dead.
5. So nigh is grandeur to our dust, so near is God to man.
6. Less than the dust, beneath thy Chariot wheel.
7. The little toy dog is covered with dust.
8. Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
   Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?
9. Fine ladies all are soon forgotten, and goldenrod is dust when dead.
10. And, doubly dying, shall go down
    To the vile dust, from whence he sprung.
11. I am sent with broom before to sweep the dust behind the door.
12. Dust thou art, to dust returnest, was not spoken of the soul.
13. The leper raised not the gold from the dust.
14. My feet upon the moonlit dust pursue the ceaseless way.
15. Golden lads and girls all must, as chimney-sweepers, come to dust.
16. And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms clashed in the bloody dust.
17. My dust would hear her and beat, had I lain for a century dead.
18. A road without earth's road dust is the right road for me.
19. When we are dust, when we are dust!
20. This I beheld or dreamed it in a dream:—
    There spread a cloud of dust along the plain. . . .

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Fiction. *The summer drought is indeed over when we can review in one issue the latest work of Charles Morgan, William Sansom, Eudora Welty, Taylor Caldwell, and John Moore, in addition to two other novels of real distinction. In her volume of related stories Miss Welty casts a legendary magic around the people of a Mississippi town; Mr. Morgan inquires into personal responsibility for the violence of our time; William Sansom writes a wonderfully human document of the manner in which the poison of unfounded jealousy enters a British family. Another English writer, John Moore, describes country people obdurately defending their ancient freedoms against Socialist encroachment, and Taylor Caldwell adds one more book to her deservedly popular studies of nineteenth-century American tycoons, their wives, and children. In John Brooks's "The Big Wheel" a young American makes his bow to the public. His novel is concerned with the quandary of the young men on a great weekly faced with reconciling their ideals with its editorial policy.*

Dragons in Mississippi

THE GOLDEN APPLES. By Eudora Welty. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 244 pp. $3.

By Herschel Brickell

THIS is the fifth book by a masterhand in the medium of short fiction, who has earned a secure place at the top of the list of living story-writers. As a poetical chronicle of an imaginary Mississippi town called Morgana, the name itself significant of Miss Welty's legendary approach to her subject, it comes close to being a novel in the completeness of its picture of a linked group of people, although its component parts range from the conventional short story length to the long short story, each a separate and complete work.

Indeed, a number of the stories have appeared separately in magazines, and one, at least, "The Whole World Knows," in an anthology, where it won recognition as one of Miss Welty's best efforts. It is a singularly moving tale of a man betrayed by his wife, whom he loved, and his pathetic efforts to cope with his tragedy. Another, "Music from Spain," has been published separately in a limited edition by the Levee Press.

As good as these separate parts proved to be, the full impact of a highly original piece of writing can only be had by reading the whole book, which has a definite pattern. In the first story, "Shower of Gold," which leaves no doubt that Miss Welty is writing at two levels, of things as they are, and of their relationship to classical and medieval mythology, the narrator is Mrs. Fate Rainey—Miss Katie—whereas the last story is concerned with Miss Katie's death and burial, rounding out a strange cycle of human conflicts, of many people in many situations.

The dominant figure is an earth-god called King McClain, who vanishes after begetting twins by Miss Snowdie Hudson, an albino, only to reappear at intervals, always eager and able to replenish the earth. King is marked for death as the book closes, but not until his imprint has been left on the reader's mind, as well as on the community.

From her earliest stories, Miss Welty's writing has had a high degree of individuality. Her memory for colloquial speech is unbelievably accurate, and her antic imagination, coupled with her profound compassion and understanding, gives us people much realer than real, stranger, yet more believable than the living.

Here is Mississippi observed and remembered, but it is a Mississippi where "they heard through falling rain the running of the horse and bear, the stroke of the leopard, the dragon's crusty slither, and the glimmer and the trumpet of the swan." Dragons in Mississippi? Yes, says Miss Welty, as everywhere else, and makes the reader believe it.

Anyone in search of writing of consistent beauty, of an individual outlook on life, of an impressive knowledge of Southern small towns, and of the play of a rare imagination, will find delight in more than one reading of "The Golden Apples," apples not to be squeezed of all their poetic juice in a single run. This is not a book for all readers, but followers of Miss Welty's work will find it one of her finest achievements to date, a work of literature that will richly reward the discriminating.

THE AUTHOR: By her own testimony, Eudora Welty has never written a story that is biographical or autobiographical. She recognizes no direct model for her own work and, through telegraphic message cut to the cryptic, confesses, "I suspect my influences come from places, outside world." No matter. She won O. Henry prizes in 1941, '42, and '43, held a Guggenheim Fellowship concurrently with the last two, and was awarded $1,000 by the American Academy of Arts in 1944. Besides "The Golden Apples," she is author of "A Curtain of Green," "The Robber Bridegroom," "The Wide Net," and "Delta Wedding." She has had at least three discoverers, among them the late Ford Madox Ford, who, dispaired of finding her a market, once called her a "typical martyred promising writer." Thirteen years ago *Manuscript*, an extinct little magazine, proudly offered her first story, "Death of a Traveling Salesman." In it a drummer gasping his last is stung with regret for having missed a creative domestic life. Her next show case was *Southern Review*, whose editor, Albert Erskine, also claimed her as protégé. Since then she has been appearing in *The Atlantic Monthly* and *Harper's*. "My great wish," Miss Welty confides, "is to help get out a magazine for the short story some day." She was a founder of the first literary paper at the Mississippi State College for Women (1925-27), afterwards went to Wisconsin for her B.A. and Columbia for an advertising course. She did radio scripts, society news, and publicity. However, having no need to worry about making a living, she decided not to, and has been writing happily ever since at home in Mississippi, where she was born, and the state she loves. She is a "playtime painter," raises camellias, likes Mozart, picnics, oils, and "traveling, low-speed," at which tempo, presumably, she'll see France, Italy, and England this fall. "I have no idea for my next book," she says. "I may write it in a new place. I hope it turns out new for me." —R. G.

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In Tragic Shadow

THE RIVER LINE. By Charles Morgan. New York: The Macmillan Co. 195 pp. $2.75.

By WALTER HAVIGHURST

IN THE space of a short novel Mr. Morgan here explores the characters of a group of postwar people—one American, one French, and several British—and penetrates the aching question of personal responsibility in the violence of modern times. Not a word in the novel is wasted, not a scene could be spared. It builds up to a tense and dramatic revelation of human relationships in the shadow of a tragic past event.

The "River Line" was an underground route through which war casuals escaped from Occupied France, and the people in this story were associated in that peril and necessity. The novel shows us the American Philip Sturgess returning to England in a postwar summer to visit his friends of the River Line. A reflective man, with "the streak of earnest precision in him which wanted to understand everything," Sturgess cannot free himself from his wartime memories. Over the quiet English countryside hover events of the violent past, and the survivors feel the presence of the man who did not survive their period of hiding in the old granary at Blaise on the River Line. How he was killed, how the others were involved in his death, what his death has meant subsequently to each of them, are the deliberate, startling revelations of the story.

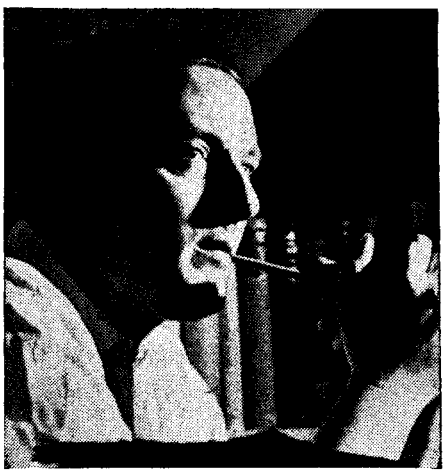
As with Mr. Morgan's other novels, "The River Line" enters promptly into a realm of ideas. What other novelist today can by page 20 have his people discussing the riddle of human personality?—"If it isn't a fragment of Class and it isn't a fragment of Nation—You see, what is now called 'frustration' looks to me very like what used to be called 'tragedy' about twenty-three centuries ago." It is Mr. Morgan's achievement that the realm of ideas is charged with import and that the ideas are a part of a growing intensity of personal relationships. As the novel moves on it develops drama both in the present and the past, and the two come together in its final problem. To that problem Mr. Morgan brings wisdom of a kind that few novelists now possess; it is an understanding of the human dilemma and an awareness of "this enduring light, seen through men and things and yet not part of them, as light is not part of a lamp."

Beside almost any other novel of the Second World War, this novel will seem fastidious. At first the violence of war seems out of place in so well-mannered a book. But you come to see that the novel is fastidious in a way that Mr. Morgan's mind is fastidious and that it does not turn aside from the ultimate and inevitable violence. Mr. Morgan shows us in his war-caught people some surprising qualities; he shows us loyalty, compassion, responsibility, and a sense of destiny rather than of chance. He does not shrink from violence or from honor.

While reading this novel I found myself recalling a sentence that Henry James once addressed to a young writer: "Try to be one of the persons on whom nothing is lost." Mr. Morgan does not belabor the obvious. But the vibrations, the impressions, the overtones and undertones—he makes them all count. He builds a situation deliberately, and though it is simple it is also complex, with intricate relationships and the inevitable intruding into the present of the past. Alert to small stresses between persons and within them, he is equal to the profound stress toward which this distinguished novel moves.

—Harcourt.

Charles Morgan—"wisdom of a kind few novelists now possess."



—Melvin.

William Sansom—"sensitivity and sensibility, with artlessness and grace."

A British Othello

THE BODY. By William Sansom. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 215 pp. $2.75.

By JOHN WOODBURN

WILLIAM SANSOM is a young Englishman who has published five volumes of short stories in his own country, where he is not without honor. Two of these—"Fireman Flower" and "Three"—were brought out a few years ago by an American publisher who, shall we say, had no difficulty in keeping them in stock. They were excellent stories, spontaneous, strongly individual, and remarkable for their fresh use of the language. There doubtless were good reasons why they did not become widely known here, but none occur to me immediately, beyond the fact that they were short stories in a country which is deeply concerned with double features, 183-inch wheel-bases, perpetual radio serials, and king-size historical novels, and that they had to compete with some of our contemporary American literature which, while it was neither spontaneous, individual, nor particularly distinguished as to style, had the advantage of being accompanied by a brass band.

I am now endeavoring to organize a modest percussion section for the purpose of calling attention to Mr. Sansom's first novel, a notable piece of work in which the brilliance and insight of his short stories have been richly extended. "The Body" is a fine study of delusional jealousy, taut with anxiety and chagrin, and done in a lively, flesh-colored style that makes his characters fairly glisten with life. It begins with a sharply arresting paragraph:

> To hold the syringe gently, firmly but delicately—not to squirt, but to prod the sleeper into wakefulness with the nozzle, taking care to start no abrupt flight of fear. Only to stir a movement, to initiate a presence from such a deep lead sleep. Gently, gently—lean thus into the ivy, face close in to the leaves, bowed in yet hardly daring to breathe, not to shake a single leaf, hand held far away up the wall, but face now close, secret, smelling the earth underneath the ivy like a smell close to earlier days, intimate the eyes and closed the world . . . then carefully prod, no, tickle—tickle the long dead leg on the leaf.

This, with all its delicate, evocative ominousness, is in one sense no more than Henry Bishop, a middle-aged, happily-married hairdresser in a dowdy London suburb, about to kill a large bug on a leaf of garden ivy. In another, symbolic sense it suggests

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the dreaming complacency of Bishop's life, so shortly to be stained by the poison of jealousy. And it also provides a charming glimpse of the adult caught in an unguarded moment of conscious play: the moment when, safe from the judgment of other adult eyes, one whispers to the child-self: "Come out—it's safe now—and we can play!" At such times, in the freed imagination and the opportunity, a garden can become a darkly-arching forest, the drowsing insect a slumbering feral beast, and its annihilation a deed of bravery and the wildest danger.

It is at this secure and whimsical moment of his life that Bishop sees the Dionysiac face of Charles Divver across the garden wall. A new and unacquainted neighbor, Divver is gazing with a faun's frank delight at Madge Bishop, making her toilette before an upstairs window. And with this moment Bishop begins the racking ordeal of his obsession. Divver is a card: a graceless cutup, a vulgarian, a bore, a cliché-bawling extrovert who sweeps the Bishops at once into his noisy orbit. Madge is a sweet-tempered, fading, middle-aged blonde, as wholesome as a morris dance and honest as a daisy. To Henry Bishop, in his sick suspicion, these two became Iago and Desdemona. As his obsession grew, Bishop's once humdrum life became subordinated to it. He began to watch, to prowl, to set elaborate traps of circumstance, and finally, addict to his delusion, found that he neither could nor wished to dispel it.

These agonies and tensions, the tiny counterfeit clues, the single-*entendres* which are doubled in the jealous ear, all these are introduced so casually and so brightly that at first they fall like light, occasional shadows across the animation of the commonplace scenes: the noisy boating-picnic; a friendly get-together at the corner pub; a loudly dreary party in Divver's tasteless flat. Gradually, carefully, Sansom arranges these into a fearful pattern of suspicion and hysteria, into a kind of bombazine nightmare, in which an empty room can shout its accusation.

Inasmuch as it twists illusion into a chilling semblance of reality, and to the extent that it deftly extracts conclusion from unlikelihood, "The Body" is, I suppose, an example of the tour de force. I do not wholly like the phrase, which seems to me less often used for itself than for lack of a better, but perhaps it should stand here, for the reasons I have given. If so, it is a greatly successful one, full of sensitivity and sensibility, and done with extraordinary artlessness and grace.

Oi and the Druid Magic

THE BLUE FIELD. By John Moore. New York: Whittlesey House. 212 pp. $3.

By R. Ellis Roberts

THIS new book of John Moore's should be read by all who are reading George Orwell's "Nineteen Eighty-Four." For here, in "The Blue Field," is a collection of farmers, gentry, clergy, yokels, gypsies, and rebels who will buck any authority, defy any dictatorship. The final and one of the most successful weapons used by "simple" people will be recognized by everyone who has lived in an English village. It was, says Mr. Moore, "the assumption of sheer, blockheaded, gawkish stupidity . . . this is the traditional weapon of our countryfolk against all forms of tyranny; poachers, rick-firers, sheep-stealers often saved their necks by it two hundred years ago. It is so simple an armament that the veriest fool can use it; indeed it is most effective when employed by a fool. It consists of saying 'Oi' when asked a question, and then reiterating 'Oi?' with a faint note of interrogation every time the question is repeated."

By variations on such simple weapons the people of Brensham at last drive away the postwar profiteers who have bought the ancient mansion of the "addle-pated," the courteous Lord Orris. The fight against the Syndicate is told with rich humor and gusto; and as I read it I hoped that this persistent "Oi," the stubborn, innate loathing of the average Englishman for all orders, forms, regulations, bosses-at-a-distance might serve yet to prevent the disaster of that neat parlor in hell which has been grimly predicted by such different authors as George Orwell, Aldous Huxley, and E. M. Forster, whose short story "The Machine Stops" was the earliest and, to my mind, the most devastating of these glimpses into ordered horror.

Does Mr. Moore show us heaven? No; but he shows us an England where men, in different ways and walks of life, still obstinately cherish the ingrained English zest for rebellion, eccentricity, oddness, "the druid magic of being different." That zest has, if Mr. Moore is to be believed, survived the grim years from 1939 to 1945, and is still overcoming the dry years of a well-meaning but lamentably unimaginative government.

"The Blue Field," however, is only political by implication. It is a rich study in characters; for Mr. Moore, as for all who know Tewkesbury, and the towns and villages of the heart of England, the Players of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Falstaff and his companions, Dogberry, Verges, just as much as Feste or Lear's Fool, Autolycus, and Lance still flourish in the English countryside. These men are, in their raffish and roustabout degree, the hope of England—and of America.

The virtues of that hearty, obstinate determination to toe no line one has not drawn oneself is illustrated in "The Blue Field" by the great character William Hart. A tombstone in a village churchyard inspired Mr. Moore to invent this gorgeous character. The inscription read, "Here Lies William Hart: He Was Said to Be a Descendant of the Poet Shakespeare, R. I. P." In his lifetime, if Mr. Moore is a true recorder, Mr. Hart had little truck with peace. The story of his fight with the Gypsies and his seizure of the Gypsy girl he loved has Homeric quality; and his last battle with "them blank blanks" in Whitehall who tried to make him grow potatoes where had always grown flax. It's a great story. Mr. Moore, however, is not narrow-minded. He gives an excellent picture of "our M. P.," an earnest Fabian with a more earnest wife; he makes them human, kindly, and helpful. To anyone who would understand the odd business of English country people in conflict with the "high-ups" in London "The Blue Field" is highly recommended; to others it is an entrancing picture of the English landscape and the English country people.

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Drowning Underground

MIRACLE AT GARDENRIGG. By Tom Hanlin. New York: Random House. 244 pp. $2.75.

By JOHN COURNOS

THIS short novel, a tour de force of power and intensity, is compounded of reality in the matter of material and of a kind of super-reality in the treatment of it. Lyrical in mood and expression, the theme is the entombment of miners in an ancient mine in a little village in Scotland and of the anguish of their kin above ground who from minute to minute suffer in the expectation of the seemingly inevitable announcement that the released waters underground have finally covered the heads of their loved ones. Yet with all the ardent yearnings of human beings—"hoping animals" — those above ground pray for that last-minute miracle, which shall restore to them the poor men whose lives, as it was, were lived in the misery of dire poverty, frustrated and utterly earthbound. On the other hand, those below, though the waters become increasingly deep, first touching their ankles, then their waists, ultimately their chests, and despite their sharp awareness of the probable approach of death, are not above, in the manner of Englishmen, of exchanging jests, verging on the ribald.

The sole means of communication between the entombed men and the men on top, who are beside themselves in trying to save them with the most limited means at their command, is a telephone. Thus, the story, whose whole action takes place within the compass of a few hours, is enacted on two planes, simultaneous in the performance, but except for the moments of contact intermittent in the telling, always passionate and intensifying the suspense. Everything seems to depend on Rack O'Dell, a young miner, who is sent on a dangerous mission through a long-disused tunnel, in order to turn a wheel which will divert the waters and save the miners, though there is every chance that Rack will lose his life in the performance of this task. The way is interminable, requiring three hours or so, with darkness and slime to contend with before the objective could be reached. Rack, too, at one or two points can communicate his progress by telephone, and great are the perturbation and anguish above ground when he phones to say that in the darkness he has unintentionally retraced his way to a point still distant from the goal. He resumes his heroic journey, dreaming of how sweet life could be with his lovely Chrissie, who, because she is a non-Catholic, he hasn't been able to marry. He doesn't know that Chrissie is with child; she, above ground, sits by the phone and has a brief chance to exchange vows with him.

Ria Kennedy is also in love with him, but she has vowed to dedicate herself to God and become a nun. She is a tower of strength to Chrissie, and she plays the supreme role in heartening the waiting multitude outside. She is no ordinary young woman, but a sort of Joan of Arc, and her faith is great; she tries to communicate this faith to the waiting people, and in a large measure succeeds. She promises a miracle; she promises that when the waters reach a certain high point they will stop. She talks in the same way to the men's spokesman underground, and asks him to convey the same message to the men. Strangely enough, they believe too, and it is to the credit of the author's artistry that he makes it all sound plausible and succeeds in making the reader share a faith that is out of tune with our age. Yet when the miracle actually occurs there is nothing unnatural about it, though Ria is called upon to pay the ultimate sacrifice, in harmony with the accepted symbolism of the Christian faith.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 323

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 323 will be found in the next issue.

Q DQE'J CZVU FV QEP

OFIKY ZJ Q SFEKZELQC

QCCUXFIP. QET NUIP VUO

UPUJ SQE JUU KYU

DPJKUIP FV YZJ CZVU.

—BUQKJ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 322

A sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener with constant use.

—W. IRVING.

—Jacket design from "Let Love Come Last."

Hate in a Mansion

LET LOVE COME LAST. By Taylor Caldwell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 408 pp. $3.

By HARRISON SMITH

IN her first two novels Taylor Caldwell staked out a field and period of American life previously reserved for male writers. It was no wonder that many of the readers of "Dynasty of Death" and "The Eagles Gather" addressed her as Mr. Caldwell, for these family novels, concerned with the struggle for dynastic power in the growing munitions industry, were written with bitterness, vigor, and a detailed knowledge of how the men of greed cut each other's throats under the black flag of international piracy. But, being a woman, the author was as interested in the involved marriages and begettings of her traffickers in death as she was in their business conspiracies and alliances. These two elements in her earliest novels—the savagery of the American male seeking power in the Seventies and Eighties and the women secluded in ugly mansions who suffered from their contemptuous neglect—have formed the pattern for her later work. Together they form a curious tapestry of grim-visaged, portly tycoons and exotically upholstered women against a background of turreted architectural monstrosities.

Since her first two novels Taylor Caldwell has not found a theme as sinister and absorbing as that of America's munition barons, and as a result the human element has gained in interest, though the central themes based on an acquisitive and mechanical civilization are still compelling. Each one is, in a sense, a morality tale, an illustration of the evils of greed and ambition unchecked by social reform. Her latest novel of the long series, "Let Love Come Last," is by no means the least of them. The

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motif is the family in which the children hate the father of the house and engage in conspiracies to ruin him and each other. Indeed, the author dedicates her book "with compassion to all who are parents or who hope to be."

The setting is a small and growing city set in the wooded hills of Pennsylvania within a hundred miles of Pittsburgh. Here Ursula Wende lives in her charming little house, the only child of an old and somewhat aristocratic family. She has resigned herself in the tradition of the day to becoming an old maid at the age of twenty-eight, when the city's most hated man forces his way into her life. William Prescott is a typical Caldwell hero. He has risen from abject poverty and has all of the savage qualities of the self-made man who is determined to seek revenge for an unhappy youth on the complacent families who scorned him and on the laborers from whose class he has escaped. He is a crude and untamed egotist, but Ursula falls in love with him, and William sees in her the aristocratic mistress he has been seeking for the huge mansion he is planning to build.

William Prescott is one of the first men in the lumber business to understand that the industry was ruthlessly exhausting Eastern forests. He uses his knowledge to buy in his own name, instead of that of his employer's, the rights to cut timber in the Middle West. With the aid of a New York capitalist he destroys the man who was presumed to be his benefactor and is soon established with his wife and his adopted son in the largest and most hideous castle in the entire countryside. His own children arrive in due order, two sons and two daughters.

Ursula has lost all of her battles but one against his indomitable will and arrogance, and that battle she fights to the end. Her house is a monument to his bad taste. Her children are so spoiled by their father's indulgence that she lives in the midst of small, unruly savages. She is a woman of sense, with a knowledge of what the relations of children should be toward their parents. Oliver, the charming boy whom William had adopted in one of his philanthropic moods, is the one exception to a rule of universal chaos. In the end he is her salvation; for when William eventually dies, nearly bankrupt of power and wealth, she goes to live with her beloved foster-son and the most likable of her daughters, whom he has married.

It is an extraordinary feat of Miss Caldwell's legerdemain to force the

(*Continued on page 29*)

Americana. *It was during the Jazz Age that the word "Americana" (which the dictionary defines as "books, papers, etc., relating to America") came into general use. Two of the books reviewed below are redolent of that era. "The Aspirin Age" is a record, suggestive rather than definitive, of the quarter century between two wars. The work of many hands, it has been skilfully edited by Isabel Leighton. The career of the legendary woman who is the subject of Jean Burton's "Lydia Pinkham Is Her Name" is one that would have delighted the tribe of H. L. Mencken. Miss Burton, however, has chosen to tell it in the more sober fashion of the 1940's. Carl Coke Rister's "Oil: Titan of the Southwest" and Cornelia Meigs's "The Violent Men," an account of the Continental Congresses, reviewed here, are more pretentious works of history.*

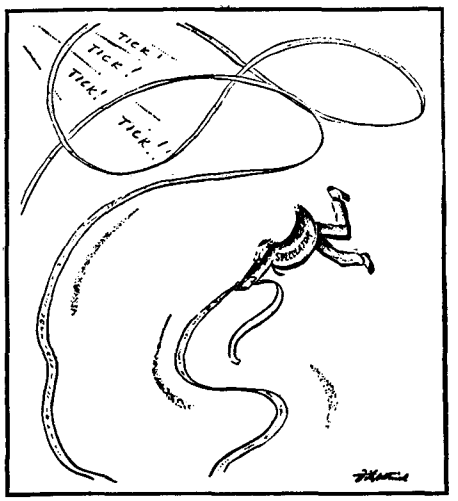
Didoes & Heroes Between Two Wars

THE ASPIRIN AGE, 1919-1941. *Edited by Isabel Leighton. New York: Simon & Schuster.* 491 *pp.* $3.95.

By Stanley Walker

FROM Versailles to Pearl Harbor, which is to say from 1919 to 1941, the people of that curious agglomeration of commonwealths which Mr. Willkie called "The Unide-States-Amurka" indulged in various outlandish didoes which bewildered the civilized world and caused thinkers in heathen parts to ask, "Can such things be?" It was a feverish time. Bogus messiahs rose and fell. But there were good men, too, though generally they were defeated or unhonored. All were part of a pageant which the compiler of this prose album has seen fit, perhaps not quite accurately, to call "The Aspirin Age."

Miss Isabel Leighton, sometime playwright, editor, and radio commentator, has rounded up twenty-two writers of varying talents, each of whom has contributed a chapter describing some particular facet of this much-disputed era. In its fashion this book is another "Only Yesterday," but done by many hands. Therefore, naturally, it is uneven, and lacking in any particular viewpoint; for the same reason it has a lively and commendable variety.



—*From "The American Past."*

"Wall Street Nightmare, 1929."

The show starts with Harry Hansen, who was there, telling of the doings at Versailles when the statesmen tried to pick up the pieces after the First World War. The last chapter, by Jonathan Daniels, concerns what was going on, particularly on the inside at Washington, on the Sunday when the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor. The Messrs. Hansen and Daniels, both serious men, supply a beginning and an end which are sober, informative, and in every way admirable; in between comes a vast amount of assorted essays, some amusing, some slanted a little toward the left, and some without much point one way or the other.

Among the better pieces going into this bedside history are those by Samuel Hopkins Adams on the Harding Administration; Gene Tunney on his fights with Jack Dempsey; John Lardner on the life and legends of Charles A. Lindbergh; Wallace Stegner on the ineffable Father Coughlin; Hodding Carter on Huey Long and his almost incredible antics and ambitions; Margaret Case Harriman on the love story of Wallis Simpson and bonny King Edward, and Robert Coughlan on the horrible Klan activities in Indiana in the early 1920's.

But these are only personal preferences. Joel Sayre has a masterpiece on John William Warde, who, after driving New York nuts by perching on a ledge at the Hotel Gotham in

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1938, finally jumped to his death—but it has little to do with the theme of the book. Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., the boy wonder among historians, reviews the first hundred days of the New Deal in workmanlike fashion. Irving Stone gives poor old Calvin Coolidge a vigorous going over, hitting him with the rubber hose and then giving him the heavy boots. Mr. Stone believes that if John W. Davis had been elected President in 1924 instead of Coolidge the country would have been a lot better off. Maybe so. (He calls Mr. Davis a former Attorney-General of the United States; he was Solicitor-General.) He also neglects to mention that Mr. Davis appeared as a "character witness" for the egregious Judge Martin T. Manton. Thurman Arnold's chapter on the 1929 stock market crash and what it meant somehow seems opaque and inconclusive.

Inevitably in a book of this sort some customers will complain—Hoover is treated skimpily, prohibition covered only by the story of two comical agents, Al Capone ignored; there is no treatment of the Scopes trial (maybe this is just as well), and Henry L. Mencken might as well never have operated. And so on. Even so, every piece in the book is readable, and some have much vigor and flavor.

What does it add up to? There seems to be a sneaking undertone suggesting that Americans were damned fools during the aspirin age, cursed by their own ignorance, credulity, venality, and all-around incompetence; there is also the tentative suggestion that maybe they are smarter and sounder now. A comforting thought, if true. Twenty years ago a wise old man said to this reviewer: "No man ever lost money by underestimating the intelligence of the American people." All we can say now is that this is a hell of a time to place any bets.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. T. S. Eliot: "The Wasteland." 2. W. S. Gilbert: "Iolanthe." 3. Fitzgerald: "The Rubáiyát." 4. Shelley: "When the Lamp Is Shattered." 5. Emerson: "Heroism." 6. Hope: "Less Than the Dust." 7. Field: "Little Boy Blue." 8. Gray: "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." 9. Aiken: "All Lovely Things Will Have an Ending." 10. Scott: "Lay of the Last Minstrel." 11. Shakespeare: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." 12. Longfellow: "A Psalm of Life." 13. Lowell: "The Vision of Sir Launfal." 14. Housman: "White in the Moon the Long Road Lies." 15. Shakespeare: "Cymbeline." 16. Macauley: "Horatius." 17. Tennyson: "Maud." 18. Masefield: "Roadways." 19. Brooke: "Dust." 20. Sill: "Opportunity."

Story of Petroleum

OIL: Titan of the Southwest. By Carl Coke Rister. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 467 *pp.* $5.

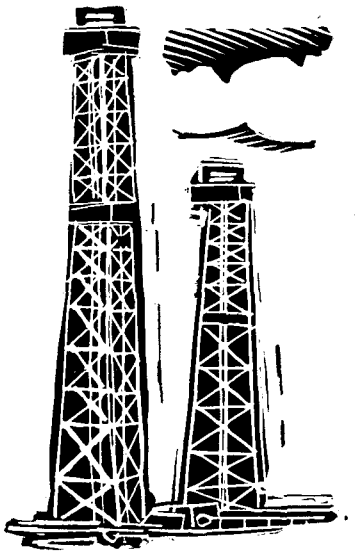
By KENNETH W. PORTER

CARL COKE RISTER, native Texan and research professor of American history at the University of Oklahoma, hitherto known for such colorful titles as "Southern Plainsmen," "Border Command," and "No Man's Land," has during the last four years, with the assistance of a grant from Standard Oil (N. J.) to the University of Oklahoma Foundation, been devoting himself to the equally dramatic story of petroleum in the Southwest. The importance of the subject is indicated by the statement that from this region "has come almost two-thirds of our total oil production, and its wells are producing approximately three-quarters of our current supply . . ."

Such a history was needed. As Professor Rister states: "There is no dependable objective history of the petroleum industry, either of the nation as a whole or of the Southwest." The way was open for a work broader, more interpretative, and better documented than C. A. Warner's "Texas Oil and Gas Since 1543," more detailed and historical than Gerald Forbes's brief and topical "Flush Production," and utilizing, but with discretion, the vivid colors of Boyce House's boomtown narratives.

The resultant volume will probably be used primarily as a reference work on petroleum production. Despite the dramatic qualities of the theme and the season of publication, it belongs on a work-desk rather than in a hammock or armchair. The paragraphs are dense formations, to penetrate which requires the rock-bit of intense interest and rigorous attention. Figures sometimes approach an average of two per line and a round-up chapter on the last two decades treats approximately five fields or areas per page. Much of this material, it would seem, might have been relegated to appendices and presented in tabular form, without loss to the scholar and to the advantage of the lay reader.

The author's theme is "the search for and the development of oil resources"—development meaning principally extracting the oil from the ground. Transportation, marketing, and refining are treated rather incidentally; retail sales and the great American institution of the service station are disregarded. Prices and profits receive little attention. Industrial relations, wages and hours, and



the great Gulf Coast Strike of 1917 do not appear. Although basically a chronological treatment of the principal oil fields and areas from the Nacogdoches oil spring through Sindletop, Seminole, and East Texas, to offshore drilling in the Gulf, it includes general chapters on "Oil at War," conservation and control, technical developments, and economic and social impacts.

The volume's reference value is, however, somewhat impaired by the incompleteness of index and glossary. The former omits such fairly important individuals and devices, for example, as Ed W. Bateman and the gravimeter, and the latter defines "tool dresser" but neither "roughneck" nor "roustabout," "catalytic cracking" but not "thermal cracking," etc.

Tables of crude oil production, a map, and a selected and classified bibliography extend the volume's value. Over seventy illustrations of discovery wells, oilfields, communities "before and after," refineries, etc., will prove a popular feature.

The book is an obvious "must" for the library, large or small, of any community or individual with a particular interest in the oil industry; such will be grateful for the careful research which has gone into this useful and handsome volume. But the general reader, unfortunately, will probably continue to derive his ideas of the industry from the colorful, anecdotal volumes in which revolver shots resound more frequently and significantly than nitroglycerine "shots" and no well "comes in" without gushing over the crown block.

Kenneth W. Porter, a former member of the history departments of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration and Vassar College, is at work on a history of the Humble Oil and Refining Co.

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First Congressmen

THE VIOLENT MEN. By Cornelia Meigs. New York: The Macmillan Co. 278 pp. $4.

By MERRILL JENSEN

THIS is history in the romantic tradition. There are heroes and villains. Caesar Rodney arrives at the deliberations of the Continental Congress on a foaming horse in time to break the Delaware deadlock and throw the vote of his colony for Lee's resolution just as he does in the old poem. We are given men's innermost thoughts as they faced one crisis after another. Thus John Dickinson sits in his study sorting papers on the night of July 1 after he has made his last speech against independence. The next day he goes forth to lead his troops into battle. It might have been thus but we cannot know, however pleasant and plausible the reconstruction. Such things make for a rich story of the First and Second Continental Congresses between 1774 and 1776, but the very richness hides the fact of an oversimplified pattern of interpretation of men and events.

When the First Congress met it soon divided into two opposed groups. One group wanted reconciliation with Great Britain; the other group, the "violent men," were driving in the direction of independence. Those who wanted to stay within the empire were led by men like Joseph Galloway, James Duane, and, later on, by John Dickinson. The "violent men" were led by Samuel and John Adams, Richard Henry Lee, Patrick Henry, and others. This basic division is recognized but its roots are not, and it is overlaid with the story of personal animosities and friendships, with charming accounts of how men looked and acted, of the social life of Philadelphia, and so on. This discursiveness is well illustrated in a fifteen-page chapter called "Between Hawk and Buzzard," which covers nearly twenty topics ranging all the way from a private conference between John Adams and John Jay through an account of the Canada expedition, the examination of Richard Penn by the House of Lords, the debate between Burke and Wedderburn in the House of Commons, the funeral of Peyton Randolph, the treachery of Benjamin Church, the problems of army supply, and the memorial service for Richard Montgomery.

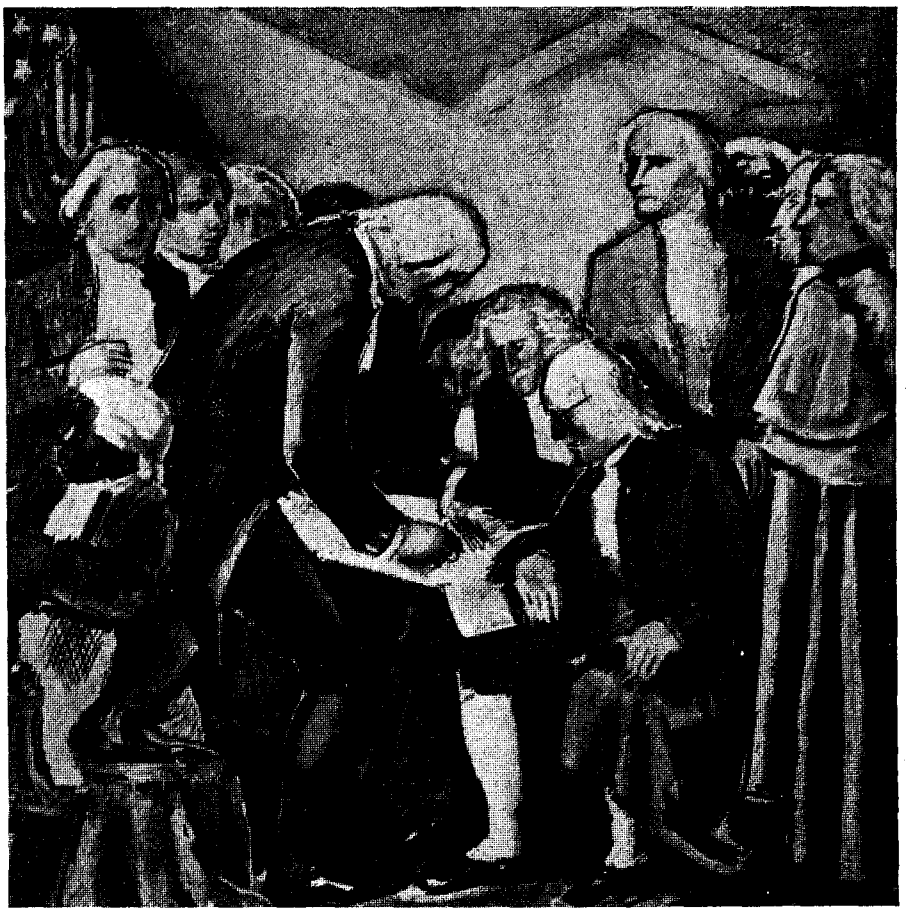
The emphasis on the role of individuals makes for good reading but it also raises the question of what that role really was. Thus I do not think it an adequate explanation of Joseph Galloway to write of him only in terms of a man with an overweening ambition for whom the First Congress was a "fertile field in which to work," and who planned to play a "high role" in his plan of Union. The Galloway plan had a long history behind it. It was supported by Americans who had long hoped for some constitutional means of settling the disputes between Britain and the colonies. Galloway was as much spokesman as leader of this group, and his plan was certainly not one of "appeasement." The problem was not to overcome Galloway in the First Congress, but to overcome perhaps a majority of the members who felt as he did, even before they arrived in Philadelphia.

The big fight in the First Congress was over the method to be adopted to get Britain to change her ways. In this fight we have a continuation of a struggle that had been going on in every colony ever since the beginning of the Non-Importation movement in 1767. The fight was won by the "violent men" who were tired of petitions and who wanted to use economic coercion. And perhaps, though they refused to admit it then, they were progressing toward independence.

Among these "violent men" it is surprising to find Samuel Adams given a minor role. It is said that he was underrated and that he needed the notoriety of a position in Congress to support his prestige. No contemporary would have given this superb strategist so low a mark, however little they might like him. It was Sam who broke the deadlock in the first Congress by having the Suffolk Resolves brought in. It was he who outmaneuvered those who wanted to stay in the Empire and they knew it. True, men like his cousin John Adams and Richard Henry Lee did most of the talking, but it was "Adams and his crew" who were given credit for the results of the First Congress. By the winter of 1775-76 he was known as "Judas Iscariot" by many a horrified if fascinated opponent.

The value of this book therefore lies in its excursions into the byways of history, its portraits of men and women, its accounts of the social life of Philadelphia. It does not lie in its interpretation of the basic issues between 1774-76 and of the men who debated them.

Merrill Jensen, associate professor of history at the University of Wisconsin, is author of "The Articles of Confederation."



—Study for a Department of Justice mural.

"Signing of the Constitution," by Boardman Robinson.

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—*From "Woodcuts U. S. A."*

Vegetable Compounder

LYDIA PINKHAM IS HER NAME. By Jean Burton. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 279 pp. $2.75.

By Duncan Aikman

THIS, of course, is a biography of the lady who concocted her Vegetable Compound, celebrated with $40,000,000 worth of advertising over the years, as "a sure cure for all Uterine Difficulties and all other complaints incident to Females." And the papers all published her face, while a charmingly bawdy American folk ballad of the Eighties and Nineties twined itself about her memory.

One can imagine the leers and snickers with which such a subject would have been handled in the 1920's. But Miss Burton, evidently an addict of the post-Menckenian austerities in beautiful letters, plays it ninety-nine per cent straight. To her the Pinkham career is a model, if medium-sized, American success saga. Her heroine, in an age when the patient medicine advertisements suggested that "the women had falling wombs, the men had failing powers [and] their children were afflicted with worms," was distinctly a useful citizen.

Actually, Lydia all her life (1819-83) was what New Englanders called a "seeker." Born of old Lynn, Mass., Quaker stock, a cousin of the poet Whittier, she was a handsome young blue stocking in the town's debating, abolitionist, and temperance societies from her early girlhood. She was a skeptic about formal religion and conventional medicine and willing to try anything from spiritualism to a new recipe for a home remedy as a superior substitute. So when, probably in the 1860's as she was approaching her own menopause, she read in a huge book by the "eclectic" medical scholar Dr. John King called "The American Dispensatory" a hint that the Indians may have regarded the true unicorn and pleurisy roots as good for "female trouble," nothing was more natural than that Lydia should do a little experimenting.

Eventually, and apparently for tonic or flavor value, she added life root, black cohosh, and fenugreek seed and steeped it all in something like eighteen per cent alcohol to preserve it. The Compound, except for a cut to fifteen-per-cent alcohol in 1914, stood complete. Apparently it worked. Neighbor women whispered its praises in their back-parlor Victorian confidences, and for ten years or more Lydia gave away bottles of it to friends and acquaintances, and occasional inquiring strangers.

Lydia might never have commercialized her product, in fact, if it hadn't been for the panic of 1873. That year her husband, Isaac, an honest but wishful realtor who always went broke in national depressions, went broker than usual, and her three stripling sons—courageous bachelors, if there ever were any—determined to put the Compound on the market. In a harrowing decade, during which two of them overworked themselves into fatal tuberculosis, they did it. Then, just as the family fortunes turned into Easy Street, Lydia herself died of apoplexy.

Meanwhile, she had cut herself out quite a business. Home kitchen manufacture expanded into a modest-sized factory in Lynn, open to public inspection during all business hours. Lydia worked out a system of "Sacredly Confidential" correspondence—to use Miss Burton's capitals—with the Compound's beneficiaries regarding their ailments, subsequently strengthened with the pledge "Men never see your letters." In due course, it led to the employment of a complete staff of women corresponding secretaries on gynecological problems, from whose precincts office boys were banned as rigidly as fellow travelers from an atomic pile.

Son Dan—one of the tuberculosis victims—was responsible for the national advertising campaign, with its enormous stress on intimate testimonials—"Mrs. Pinkham saved me from an OPERATION"—and, beginning in the late 1870's, for its blanketing of the world with mother's picture. With "the neat black silk dress," Miss Burton comments, "the tortoiseshell comb, the white face fichu fastened with a cameo brooch . . . Mrs. Pinkham's elderly features, handsome, sagacious, and composed, were those of everybody's dream grandmother."

But the dream of grandmother was something more than a picture. As the main source of the original ad copy, Lydia campaigned for better working conditions for women, regular baths and healthy exercise, seats for shopgirls, a realistic understanding of sex relations in marriage, even for the Greenback Party. In spite of the fact that she appears somewhat dimly as a person in Miss Burton's intensely factual narrative, she obviously was quite a girl.

So far as her feeling about the Compound was concerned, she evidently had all the confidence of a seeker's one-track mind. "One of those fussy women," she wrote in her journal of a correspondent who complained eleven bottles had done her no good, "that don't give credit to anything . . . but her blood was low, and she did not realize it just now."

On the whole, Lydia seems to have been more than half right about it. For the success story had a happy ending. Almost seventy years after the Compound was first put on the market, the Federal Trade Commission agreed, after due scientific testing in 1940, that true unicorn and pleurisy roots have potency as a uterine sedative. So it wasn't that eighteen per cent alcohol after all that made the ladies eat their meals and feel less pain when the going was rough and life seemed to shrivel to a "just fell off the roof" sensation. It was the estrogenic therapy.

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Geography. *The quartet of books reviewed here reflects the shifts that have taken place in man's interest in his world through the centuries. J. Oliver Thomson's "History of Ancient Geography" (see page 18) reveals the astonishing extent of ancient man's knowledge of the globe, and particularly his curiosity about its physical features. John L. Stephens's "Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatán" (page 19), recently republished in a handsome two-volume edition, is a clear manifestation of mid-nineteenth-century fascination with adventure and exotic scenes and peoples. The other two books—the collaborative "Most of the World" edited by Ralph Linton (see below) and Earl Parker Hanson's "New Worlds Emerging" (page 18)—reflect the present-day absorption with economics and anthropology, as well as physical resources, in seeking ways to maintain a peaceable and prosperous planet.*

Land of Latins & Non-Caucasians

MOST OF THE WORLD. Edited by Ralph Linton. New York: Columbia University Press. 917 pp. $5.50.

By J. Russell Smith

DESPITE its title, this book has nothing to do with the United tates or Russia or the group of unasy countries that lies between these wo menacing giants. The subtitle is "The Peoples of Africa, Latin America, and the East Today." But for the descendants of Latin colonists in parts of America, the book might be named "The Non-Caucasian World," and it does cover more than half of the area and people of our globe.

The editor starts out by putting a dent in the oft-mentioned "One World" idea by pointing out that the rising tide of nationalism throughout the world means that the One World is likely to be largely limited to economies, trade, technology—*things*, "the back and the belly" as an English traveler puts it, while in matters of the spirit, the essence of culture and civilization, many peoples will keep and develop local flavors. There is a good illustration of this in the Chinese chapter, where the Chinese author tells of the small result that has followed the vast efforts to Christianize China. That fact of culture persistence gives added importance to the study of these peoples who are developing their own flavor with modern tools.

The book is divided into twelve chapters. Ten of these cover definite areas—Mestizo America, Brazil, three on Africa, the Near East, four on Asia. Each of these ten areas is presented by a specialist or two specialists, of whom six are anthropologists (including the editor), one sociologist, one journalist, one economic historian, one specialist in native African law, one analyst for foreign broadcasting (World War II), one student of conflicts between power groups who previously studied the geography and anthropology of the Near East—the area of which he reports here.

The second chapter is a sixty-two-page survey of world population trends with proper emphasis on the 60 per cent of human beings whose birth-death rates are explosively dangerous.

The chapters on areas present a wealth of information that is needed by those who would intelligently consider world problems. Take the chapter on Mestizo America as a type; it deals with the "Indian Countries," Bolivia, Guatemala, Ecuador, Peru, Mexico, and also Honduras, El Salvador, Nicaragua, Panama, Colombia, Venezuela, and Chile. Here dwell forty-four million mestizo and white, sixteen million Indians, two and seven-tenths million Negroids.

We are told of racial makeup, the cultures that mingle to make a new Mestizo American culture: the importance and nature of the family system, the position of woman, sexual mores, the social stratification, and the high value of formalism. There are seven pages of politics, religion, and education, fourteen pages on natural resources, five on mining, eleven on standards of living with details of low wages in a society planned for oppression of the lower classes by dominant oligarchic groups in combination with foreign capitalists. Following this come shocking details of malnutrition, disease, and ignorance.

It seems to this reviewer that the author of this chapter has not pondered his data and other data that he did not present and should have, else he could scarcely have called Mestizo America "a society ready to play its part on an equal and reciprocal basis with other societies in the modern world."

This book will be of especial value to geographers because a reasonable knowledge of geography will explain so many of its unexplained statements of fact and explain its occasional errors. It is almost unbelievable that in many of our leading universities one may yet secure a Ph.D. in anthropology, history, or sociology with no required study of geography since the elementary school, yet these disciplines deal with human activities which all take place in a series of geographic environments which continually influence what man may or can do. The environment permits or prohibits, encourages or retards, stimulates or stupefies, sickens and invigorates. And still the anthropologists, historians, and sociologists ignore it all in their requirements for students and build the towers of narrow specialty on inadequate foundation. This anthropologists' book, "Most of the World," contains innumerable illustrations of that point. As an example, the chapter on Brazil describes the pestiferous, disease-ridden, and nearly uninhabited equatorial Amazon jungle as though it were almost a health resort. The planners of the volume might in defense point to the opening chapter by a geologist, eighty-three pages on the "Resources of Most of the World." The task was difficult, the result far from satisfying. The philosophy there attempted should have been in the chapters on areas, but the planners apparently thought the anthropologists did not know their ground.

J. Russell Smith, professor emeritus of geography at Columbia University, is author of "Methods of Achieving Economic Justice" and other books.

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Fertile Vistas

NEW WORLDS EMERGING. By Earl Parker Hanson. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 385 pp. $3.50.

By HOWARD A. MEYERHOFF

MR. HANSON takes another swing at classical geography and the prophets of doom in this latest book and, though professional pessimism about the future of the human race seems again to be fashionable, he is apt to find many sympathetic readers.

Hanson has written what everyone wants to hear—that a rosy future lies ahead. The condemned tropics, according to the author, offer unappreciated opportunities for settlement and development, and even the grim Arctic and Antarctic are becoming "friendly." Using the Amazon basin, Puerto Rico, and Liberia to bolster his claims for the tropics, the author stresses the significance of dawning social consciousness among native populations, especially as a foil to waning colonial economies. Russian progress in the Arctic wastes, as well as Iceland's renaissance, provides the pattern for Alaska's future.

Acting on the sound military principle that vigorous attack is the best defense, Hanson endeavors to forestall his prospective critics by branding them as hidebound reactionaries and chronic pessimists. Unfortunately, in his precipitate attack, he has left his flank exposed and vulnerable to charges of superficiality and inaccuracy. His book contains a discouraging number of unsupported opinions, which he tries to palm off as facts. Some of them border on sheer extravagance—for example, the statements that "the Amazonian aborigines . . . deserve to be ranked among the world's great scientists," and that "the jungle Indians' careful agriculture is the achievement of a high civilization."

Capitalism and imperialism are special targets of uncritical and venomous attacks throughout the volume, but the author gets himself enmeshed in some rare contradictions and inconsistencies. Apparently it is noble of Firestone to employ 20,000 native laborers in Liberia at twenty cents a day, because "that is twenty cents more than they could obtain twenty years ago." But the sugar interests in Puerto Rico, paying native labor several times as much, are villainous absentee landlords who have taken $100,000,000 in dividends out of the island during the past fifteen years. On a $40,000,000 investment, this represents a 6.1 per cent return, and it might be interesting to figure the

return on the preceding five years, when sugar was a liability.

It is not unreasonable to demand fair play from an author, and there is nothing fair in Mr. Hanson's implications that those Puerto Ricans who advocated statehood "had the most to gain from continuing the economic status quo of 1940." Any student of social evolution must also condemn as gratuitous Hanson's claim that "assumptions of Negro inferiority . . . are part of the foundation of the capitalist economic structure." It may be asked whether he has done any more justice to the liquidated Kulaks than the Communists did, when he accuses them of sulking in the North. One wonders if they should have taken liquidation and exile with a smile and liked it, just for the undiluted joy of laboring in Siberian mines and pioneering—under Communist supervision—in the Arctic.

The author's ability to believe what he wants is nowhere more striking than in his effort to brush off the stubbornness and inefficiency that characterized the Canol pipeline project by giving cautious currency to the rumor that "the entire matter was sabotaged by U. S. oil companies which . . . did not want to give Canadian oil entree into Alaska and . . . earned profits on northbound tankers."

Such an insinuation, as well as innumerable unproven charges, will not "win friends and influence people" to accept the author's point of view, even though much of his general thesis is sound. The reviewer shares Hanson's optimism, but he believes his thesis would have been better served had he hampered himself with more facts, and if he had freely recognized that social evolution has steadily forced more humane and liberal attitudes upon capitalism and governments alike; that, one day, social pressure may even compel the Communists to treat Kulaks as humanely as they are alleged to have treated aboriginal minorities in their vast Siberian domain; that even absentee landlords, as he wistfully recognizes in the Stettinius program for Liberian development, are already bringing new social benefits to undeveloped areas.

Howard A. Meyerhoff is administrative secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Cartography Way Back

HISTORY OF ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY. By J. Oliver Thomson. New York: Cambridge University Press. 427 pp. $10.

By SAMUEL THORNE, JR.

J. OLIVER THOMSON, author of the present work, is a classical scholar rather than a geographer, but this has made him acutely aware of the difficulties inherent in some of his source material. Where only scraps of information have survived he knows how to evaluate their reliability, and deplores these cases where records of travel and exploration are available only at third hand. Thus an epoch-making voyage may be known to us only through the account of a writer who is anxious to discredit the voyager.

The author comments on the lack of the exploring spirit as we know it in antiquity, but as various pressures arose colonies and new outlets of trade were established. He is skeptical of direct trade over great distances, holding that the archeological evidence is more in favor of slow barter over long periods of time.

He writes with considerable knowledge of the various barbarian tribes and of their inroads into the ancient world. Not content with the usual sources, he has also consulted Chinese records for references to migrations. His knowledge of ancient place names is also wide. It is surprising how often identification is possible by comparing the Hindu or Chinese form of a name with that given in Graeco-Roman records. On the other hand so careful a compiler as Claudius Ptolemy might enter the same place as much as three separate times on a map because the spelling varied in different accounts, and he had been unable to reconcile the locations as given in separate itineraries.

A study of ancient geography, such as this, must astonish the reader not so much by the amount of mythical and legendary lore which accreted to travelers' tales and accounts of early explorers and historians, but rather at how long ago fundamentally correct knowledge developed, or how sound early methods of measurement were, considering the almost complete lack of precision instruments. That any of this should have survived the catastrophes of the early Middle Ages or the skepticism of the monkish copyists, trained to a literal interpretation of the Scriptures, is in itself a minor miracle.

The theory of the spherical shape of the earth is traced back to the

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followers of Pythagoras, who were active about 500 B. C. An intelligent discussion of the influence of climate on the nature of man is credited to Hippocrates as early as 410 B. C. Maps and surveys were much older, being used in Babylonia and Egypt for tax purposes. A clay tablet of the sixth century B. C. and a papyrus of about 1300 B. C. are reproduced, but maps are known to have gone back well into the twenty-third century B. C.

Knowledge of the sun, moon, and stars came early, and when some of this was applied to the earth scientific geography may be said to have been born. The position of the equator was worked out from an imaginary line in the heavens related to the rising and the setting of the sun at the equinoxes, the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn depending on the location of the sun at noon on the summer and winter solstices respectively.

But most important was the actual measuring of the circumference of the earth, first undertaken by Eratosthenes at Alexandria, probably prior to 200 B. C. This is explained and well illustrated in a diagram. The sun was known to be directly overhead since it cast no shadow at noon, at Aswan, at the summer solstice. Aswan was 500 miles south of Alexandria. At this hour and day Eratosthenes observed the shadow cast by the upright within the bowl of the gnomon at Alexandria, estimating its length at one-fiftieth of the full circle. Since the sun's rays to both places might be treated as parallel, the angle at the gnomon equaled that at the center of the earth subtending the arc Alexandria-Aswan. Thus the distance between the two places, assuming both were on the same meridian, would be one-fiftieth of the earth's circumference. This gives the earth's circumference at 25,000 miles, which is almost exactly correct.

Strabo, a later librarian at Alexandria, was one of the more prolific writers on geography, and has preserved for us many conclusions of earlier writers which would otherwise have been lost. Pliny wrote of geographical matters, among others, and had access to census figures for provincial towns.

The greatest of all ancient geographers was Claudius Ptolemy, whose writings helped convince Columbus of the comparative shortness of his proposed trip across the Atlantic.

"History of Ancient Geography" is well illustrated with many helpful maps and diagrams. Alternate routes or corrections are often printed in red.

Samuel Thorne, Jr., is on the staff of the Statistical Office of the United Nations.

Travelogue by Sire of Mayan Archeology

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN CENTRAL AMERICA, CHIAPAS, AND YUCATAN. By John L. Stephens. Edited by Richard L. Predmore. New Brunswick, N. J.: Rutgers University Press. Vol. I, 401 pp. Vol. II, 346 pp. $10.

By J. Fred Rippy

THIS is a timely new edition, with brief introduction, notes, map, and corrections in the spelling of proper names, of the most famous of four famous travelogues by the most celebrated traveler of his day. It will commemorate the centenary of the author's death, which occurred in 1852. The first edition of this work

appeared in 1841; the twelfth, reissued eleven times by the end of 1871, was published in 1856.

John Lloyd Stephens's first book, published in 1837, when he was only thirty-two, dealt with Arabia, especially the deserted stone city of Petra, and won him instant renown. His second work, consisting of two volumes like his first and recounting his experiences in Greece, Turkey, Russia, and Poland, came out the next year and was received with equal acclaim. The two remarkably illustrated volumes now under review greatly increased his renown, eliciting high praise from such contemporary literary lights as Prescott and Bryant. His fourth and last work, likewise in two well-illustrated volumes, was a continuation of the third, describing his travels in Yucatán and the fallen Mayan cities of that region.

Stephens possessed traits much admired by Americans of his time. He was adventurous, resolute, imaginative, virile, buoyant, humorous, and friendly, and his spirit glows in his writings. With critical faculties highly developed, he won the intellectuals by his sound judgment. He stirred the imaginations of all by invoking the immense vistas of the past or describing the daring escapades of his travels, and he made use of the "sex appeal" so deftly that even parsons were not offended.

Assisted by Frederick Catherwood, a gifted English architect and artist, he portrayed vividly and with considerable accuracy the ancient Mayan civilization for readers who, for the most part, had supposed that all American Indians were savages like those known by themselves and their forebears in the United States. At the same time he offered keen observations on political and social conditions in Central America and Southern Mexico, and offered them at the moment when Americans were developing an interest in these neighbors and the means of communication across their domains. He also had the good fortune to publish his works just as the first great American literary movement was getting under way.

The fame of Stephens's literary productions has survived both because of their intrinsic merits and because of the character and career of the man who wrote them. He has been esteemed by subsequent generations not only for the travelogues which won the applause of his contemporaries but as the "Father of Mayan Archeology" and for his achievements in other fields. He was one of the promoters of the first steamboat line connecting New York and Bremen as well as the dynamic personality back of the Panama Railroad, the first important enterprise of its kind undertaken by Americans beyond the bounds of their country. This railway, for which he sacrificed his life, dying before he reached forty-seven of malignant malaria contracted on the Isthmus, adds a note of tragedy to the personal appeal.

In bringing out this new edition of his most celebrated work, Richard L. Predmore now offers Stephens further tribute. The introduction is perhaps too brief, but it may be conveniently supplemented by Victor W. von Hagen's biography, published two years ago by the University of Oklahoma Press. Predmore's notes on the archeological sections of the volumes seem satisfactory. Those on political conditions are inadequate. On the whole, however, the editor has done well. Apparently he intends eventually to publish new editions of all the writings of Stephens.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Unsung

SIR WALTER SCOTT could write with a roomful of people around him; Proust composed in a soundproof vault all by his lonesome; Booth Tarkington consumed whole fasces of pencils, and Robert Benchley banged a typewriter, single-spacing his first (which was also his last) draft.

We know considerable about the physics of composition, and a fascinating subject it is, although, as is true of so many fascinating subjects, a study of this one proves nothing, unless it be that writers are people. But of the chemistry of composition we know next to nothing. To be sure, we can sometimes glimpse the gestation of a bubble in the test-tube: Hawthorne jots down a thirty-word story idea in his notebook; Keats calls Homer low-browed and changes it to deep-browed; Dickens plays with twenty-odd book titles before he gets the one he wants.

We know *what* happens; we don't know how it happens or why it happens. We know considerable about the product, the producer, and the mechanics of production. But we do not know who supplies and regulates the current that operates the plant, or who throws the switch, or who tells the thrower to throw it. We do not know why some switches get thrown and some do not. We do not know why the output of the plant is sometimes large and first rate, sometimes small and first rate, sometimes large and shoddy, sometimes small and mixed.

The mystery is no more of a mystery to us than it is to the editor who processes the material. And an editor there must be. True, an occasional author (such as Whitman, getting in the way of more competent craftsmen as he set type for the original edition of "Leaves of Grass") contrives to function without benefit of editorial intervention, but such authors are not numerous enough to worry about. The editor, for all practical purposes (including the highly practical purpose of starting the book toward being), is universal.

Yet the editor almost invariably remains anonymous, and he is likely to stay that way until a newspaper copy-reader (also an editor, and anonymous) puts his name into the heading of an obituary notice. This type of fame, it is supererogatory to add, is of a highly evanescent and transitory character.

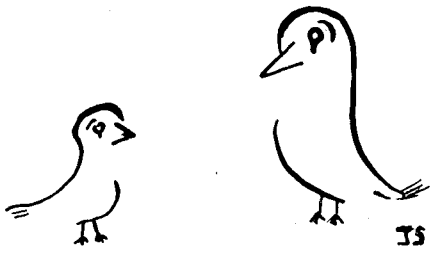
There ought to be a history of editing—it would be a useful book, and it might even be interesting. But the historian would have a life job ahead of him, and he would probably wind up his investigations not with a book, but with a drawerful of three-by-fives each inscribed with the name of the source and the notation "Contains no data."

The editorial function itself is creative to a degree for which the editor rarely receives credit. An occasional accolade is bestowed, and somehow the good repute of so modest and self-editing an editor as Maxwell Perkins is emblazoned for all to see and to remember. (Query: Name two other editors of Maxwell Perkins's generation.) Editors occasionally reminisce, and all good editors should—let them first read Ferris Greenslet's brief, helpful, and well-edited memoirs. Publishers frequently reminisce, but publishers are not editors, although many of them began as editors and became administrators, and administration is another calling altogether.

An editor, in the nature of his own calling, must be familiar with the niceties of the restrictive and non-restrictive relative clause, and with the policy of his house vis-à-vis the inverted passive. But this is merely to say that he should be able to tie his own shoelaces. He must be eager and willing to tie his authors' shoelaces, or, if that be the better way, to give them the old one-two. He must be a compound of diplomacy and determination. He must be a surgeon who is prepared to wield the knife not only without administering an anesthetic but without inflicting pain. He must not only know the rules better than the author knows them; ideally he must also know more about the art and practice of composition than the author does. He must be both umpire and player. He must be able to turn the impossible into the possible, and the passable into the perfect. Never call an editor a frustrated author—if he is a good editor he is authoring every minute of his working day.

Who gives editors credit for their accomplishments? Publishers, in theory, and sometimes in fact. Readers virtually never, or about as often as pitchers give credit to the horses whose hides encase baseballs. Authors occasionally—oftener, perhaps, than one might suppose, and sometimes lavishly and handsomely (authors have even dedicated books to editors), but an anthology of authors' tributes to editors would not make a book big enough to take up much of an editor's time. Did anyone ever assemble a collection of the life histories of editors (*not* of publishers, whether of books, magazines, or newspapers, but of editing editors)? There have been several such compilations of biographical sketches in which the subjects have been *called* editors, but were not. Publishers sometimes seem to consider it editing when they fire one editor and hire another. But that isn't editing—that's administration. Editing is harder. —J. T. W.

Atomic Age Fables



XVI. The Lesson of the Pigeon

A YOUNG pigeon who had just learned to fly said to his father:

"O father I have flown! I have soared the rooftops of the city, seen eyes through many windows, spoken with many of my brothers, and there is a question which I must ask you."

"What is it my son?" said the father pigeon.

"Why, father, must we pigeons remain in the city? Why must we hover the dull gray buildings of universities, and find nests in the crevices of the stone houses of finance?"

"Your question is strange," said the father pigeon. "Have you not noticed our feathers? Do you not know our true name, *the mourning dove*? Our feathers are gray and dull, my son, and since the city is gray and dull, we are the color of its soul, and are safe from its terrors and fears." —J. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Carry Was Tall!

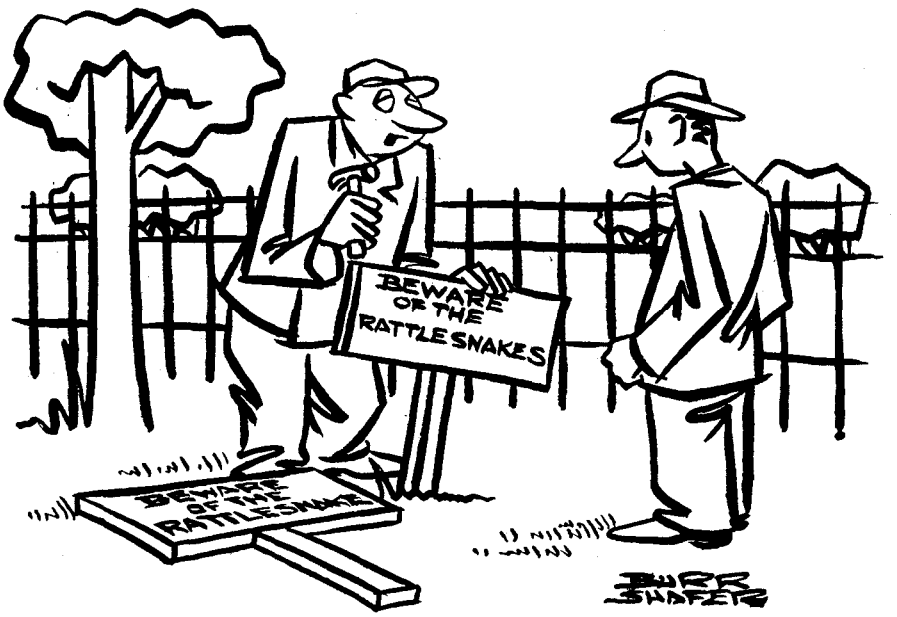
SIR: At last, after many days, the erudite J. Wesley Smith has committed a serious historical error. I refer to the picture in the Aug. 13 issue of Carry (not "Carrie") A. Nation entering a saloon.

Carry is shown as shorter than the salesman, shorter than the bartender, barely as high as the swinging doors. Evidently, Mr. Smith never saw her. I did, so I know that Carry was tall, taller than any bartender, taller than most salesmen, tall enough to reach across a bar with her hatchet and make a clean sweep of the bottles behind it.

In action she grew taller than ever in the bulging eyes of the onlookers. She loomed like a pine tree, she loomed like the Washington Monument, she loomed like the wrath of God; and that is why she paralyzed the Morally Stunted. In the sacred name of Truth, don't make her little.

GERALD W. JOHNSON.

Baltimore, Md.



"This is ten times more effective than 'Keep-off-the-Grass' signs."

High Cost of Compassion

SIR: W. L. White's review of Freda Utley's book "The High Cost of Vengeance" [*SRL* Aug. 13] was revolting to me. Are we starting again to feel sorry for the Germans, those mistreated people who only unleashed two world holocausts and three smaller wars before that? Of course they are not to blame. We should blame the wicked victims who have twice mistreated the nation that tried to destroy them, and that would have had they won.

Mr. White and Miss Utley are mistaken in their two basic assumptions. First, the derisively termed "goat-pasture" policy was motivated not by vengeance but by the desire to protect ourselves from recurrent epidemics of German "aggression psychosis." Second, being good to Germany is the wrong therapy; it can produce only scorn, and not repentance.

Niemoller himself has admitted that Germany is a criminal nation. We know from many reports that they have no regrets, except for their mistakes, and are already planning a renascence of aggressive power. Our error, after both wars, has been our weakness, our failure to punish severely enough, to make it plain that "crime doesn't pay," to deprive the Germans of the thought and the possibility of ever playing with fire again.

A book like this one must make them laugh. Isn't that what they counted on, in case of defeat, so they could try again?

L. G. CROCKER.

Sweet Briar, Va.

SIR: W. L. White's review of Freda Utley's insidious book "The High Cost of Vengeance" is appalling. That old theme song of Allied guilt rears its ugly head and is given a big send-off by Mr. White. He comments that our democratic society is to blame for what he calls "cruel stupidities" against the Germans, and maintains that the Germans of 1945 could say, "We did not know," or, "This was not our doing." Soon we shall be blamed for the crematories. . . . The only possible cure for the German malady is the education of the German child from infancy. A conscience must be instilled in these children based on our moral and social concepts. The present generation is beyond repair, since a non-existent conscience cannot be dreamed into an adult.

GEORGE MARQUISEE.

New York, N. Y.

Pro Bollingen Bosh

SIR: With the exception of Luther Evans's letter on the Bollingen Award [*SRL* July 2], which was that of a deeply intelligent and obviously delightful man caught on the horns of an embarrassing dilemma, every letter which attacked you and Robert Hillyer had two traits in common: strangely muddled thinking, strangely muddied English, the latter distinguished by well-worn incantatory phrases. This must mean a trend. A cult. And of course, as we know, it does. And, as with all cults, it means the use of magic. Of witchcraft. Words are used mostly as evocative symbols. At all events, each of the letters I refer to could be used in the classroom as an example of how not to think and of how not to use English.

Perhaps the leading instance of this was the letter of Hayden Carruth, editor of *Poetry* [*SRL* July 2]. Mr. Carruth wrote:

> "Treason's Strange Fruit" [*SRL* June 11] is undoubtedly a distressing violence to good manners; it is also, I believe, an evil and dangerous corruption of the critical office. As an essay in unreason, it is a disservice to American letters and a demagogic threat to a number of innocent people.

In two sentences of misty, high-flown, neo-eighteenth-century prose, Mr. Carruth has managed to condense about as much esthetic, critical, political, and ethical nonsense as I have come across in a long while. Most men would have taken at least a long chapter to say as much, and as little.

What, for instance, is meant by "a distressing violence to good manners"? This phrase is coming back into the language, but in a strange way. It is being used by the authoritarian-minded as a rebuke for the honest expression of opinion. Apparently you mustn't cry out even when a man is murdering you. Mr. Carruth's reliance upon this non sequitur reminds one of Miss Lillian Hellman's equal lack of logic when, last winter, she reprimanded Norman Cousins for his bad manners because he told a largely pro-Communist gathering, imported and domestic, what Americans really thought. I think that honest lady Emily Post would laugh at such a definition of manners. The outcome, of course, of such a statement as Mr. Carruth's means the suppression of all criticism and all search for truth except such as pleases the bias of the person speaking.

There is an oddly Victorian flavor to this, but then the autocratic mind is the same under any guise. Manners are excellent things, and nowadays there are not enough of them, but one should be careful how he uses the word in a period that has just witnessed the slaughter of some fifty million people, and which still smells of blood, largely because those in authority had too good "manners" to protest in time.

"An evil and dangerous corruption of the critical office." Office? Gracious! When have critics become priests? And why, again, dangerous and cor-

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rupting? Those are big words. Who are endangered and corrupted? Those who are anxious not to agree with Mr. Carruth, T. S. Eliot, the Bollingen Award, and "the new school of criticism"? Or are there a number of present adherents who might be enlightened, whom the truth might make free?

As for "demagogic threat" and "innocent people," it looks as if Mr. Carruth's innocent well of English undefiled had been corrupted by too much reading of present political and social idiom, which he seems to have understood as little as I understand his letter. . . .

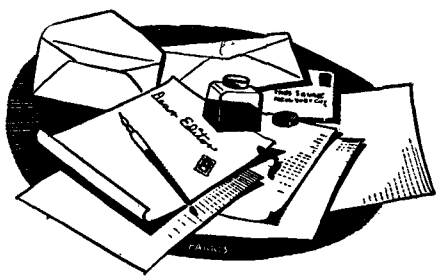
As you have stated, basically the argument revolves about the most ancient cliché known to man; a point of view summed up for good and all by Victor Cousin in a lecture at the Sorbonne in 1818, when he coined the phrase "art for art's sake." Under the shelter of this idea, misused and misunderstood, charlatan, faker, and malingerer have thriven exceedingly. And this idea has indeed, quoting Mr. Carruth, periodically "corrupted" art and criticism, "threatened" for longer or shorter periods good sense, and done any amount of "evil" to numerous "innocent" people; to wit, young artists of every kind, undergraduates, and the general public, wherever the last is literate. Breaking it down into its parts, the idea means that art has no end but itself, must only speak in terms of its own particular medium, and therefore can only be understood by the instructed; and that, above all, art has no moral or immoral purpose or effect, and is entirely divorced from the artist who produces it.

All of which might be true except for the inescapable fact that life in every manifestation, large or small, is connected, just as the body and brain in all their functions are connected.

Another Frenchman, Jules Renard, proceeded to confound the issue mightily by this absurd announcement: "People always confuse the man and the artist because chance has united them in the same body." As if art was an accident, entirely fortuitous, having no more to do with personality than a wen on a man's nose. Yet the cliché contains a half-truth, and so is twice as dangerous as an outright lie.

One could wish people could get it through their heads that poetry is a house of many rooms, where there is space for every kind of poet and all manner of poetic expression. But it must also be remembered that poetry, essentially, is the most profound, the most natural, the most simple, and the most earth-entangled of all the arts and, next to the dance and the rhythmic accompaniment of clapping hands and drum music, the oldest. Simple people talk poetry; the American cowpuncher, the Scotch and Irish peasant. You cannot be educated up to poetry; you can only be educated away from it. Education is a mental process. If through it you arrive at an appreciation of intellectual, esoteric poetry, well and good. You have added something to what, unless it has been perverted, you already have whether you know this or not. But the one thing that must never be attempted is to impose, by critical cabal or academic disdain, a "school" of poetry upon the uninstructed or the immature mind. The one thing that must not be done with anything inherent is to attempt the methods of the highwayman Procrustes.

To the hard-working professional—painter, poet, musician, or novelist—the cliché "art for art's sake" seems—that is, to most—uninvolved; he recognizes the kernel of truth and the clearly visible delimitations. As a rule, however, he does not attempt to explain what is so simple to him and his fellow professionals. He does not attempt to explain for many reasons. In the first place, he's too hard at work. In the second place, he is not a critic. In the third place, if he happens to live in a period such as the present, he gets tired of wasting words and injuring his throat against the echoing rock of mob hysteria. And in the fourth place, he knows—scatter pixies and shudder disillusioned adherents of the "new criticism"!—that art is eternal, and that the one sure thing about madness is that it passes, usually to be replaced by mad-



ness of a totally contradictory kind. Finally, because, being a professional, and therefore of necessity having more or less of a constructive mind, he has learned from bitter experience that the unconstructive mind common to the ladies and gentlemen who by nature are followers of new causes, especially if they are difficult to understand, resents and is incapable of interpreting what the constructive, professional mind has to say.

It would seem easier on the whole to allow these ladies and gentlemen with their *ovis laticauda* minds to follow their bellwether leaders to a final destination of dismay, were it not for the young and easily misguided; were it not for the eager, humble, searching quest of the literate public, a public, despite its constant presence, denied by the obfuscationist and esoteric.

And now, since Ezra Pound is the heart of the hurricane, let's take off just one corollary of the cliché "art for art's sake," for in his case it is the important one: the statement that the artist's personality and his life have nothing to do with his art, and under no circumstances should enter into judgment or criticism of his work. In other words, the statement that if a cow has Bang's Disease it does not affect the milk.

Ezra Pound many years ago wrote some fine poetry and was an important poetical figure. But that was in the past; the present question is, despite "the experts," whether Ezra Pound, being what he is today, can possibly any longer write poetry of any kind. I for one, and there are many who agree with me, some of them fair experts themselves, do not think he possibly can. I think it a psychological, spiritual, and physical impossibility. To me at least, "The Pisan Cantos" are not poetry, but political and social propaganda disguised by poetical forms, but for the most part doggerel, in which both poetry and possible reader are contemptuously flouted by a weary brain turned completely political. What there is left of the mind, that is. In fact, "The Pisan Cantos" contradict the very canons of pure art, or "art for art's sake." Their poetic level is about on a par with one of the late Il Duce's more careless speeches. Their selection for an award at once arouses the suspicion, hinted at by you, that here again is propaganda, however unconscious, and not poetic judgment. To which might be added the desire, again it is to be hoped unconscious, of "startling the bourgeoisie." It is quite right to criticize "The Pisan Cantos" politically, for that's what they are—a political and social document.

Of course art is a separate thing, and should be judged as such, just as carpentering is a separate thing, and should be judged as such. The opinions and private life of the artist—or carpenter—up to a very generous point have little to do with his product. But beyond that point there is a mutation where the artist ceases to be an artist and the carpenter a carpenter. If a carpenter suddenly begins to dig sewers, you can no longer justly judge him as a carpenter even if he continues to use a plane, a saw, and a hammer in his digging. Great artists have, and do, get drunk; they even fornicate and occasionally beat their wives.

Suppose the artist, or carpenter, falls so in love with drunkenness or fornification or wife-beating that one or all of these eventually creep up on him until it or they become his alter ego, his double-goer, or worse, his master. Until they are his fiber, his texture. Until they are *himself*. Do you still believe his personality, his habits, will have nothing to do with his art, his carpentry? If he is an artist, you will get more and more the distortions of intoxication, lechery, and sadism. All of them interesting clinically, but by their own self-selection increasingly outside the field of art and increasingly within the field of pathology.

Let us take a step further, the final one. Let us dare to consider not the degrees of sin or evil but the categories of evil; let us dare to enter that cold, aloof, subtle, and haunted realm. These categories were made long ago and are pretty well agreed upon. Dante was careful to make them. These are the sins of the texture and fiber of a man or woman. They are the man or woman. They are not passionate or sporadic. They are constant, and, what is worse, the sinner does not know that he or she possesses them or, rather, is possessed. In fact, as a rule, considers them virtues. They are uncanny, terrible, and inhuman. These are such sins as pride, cruelty, lack of charity, disloyalty, arrogance, contempt, hardness, denial of common humanity—the list is long. Do you think that such sins, such inherent evil do not show in the work of the carpenter or artist?

Wait a moment! I know what you are going to say. You are going to say that many great artists have been possessed of one, or all, of these sins

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and have produced great art. Quite so, but only when their lives have been such that no great pressure or decision has been forced upon them.

Great art is produced by great minds. It is also produced by great hearts, embracing, understanding, and pitying. These minds and hearts may belong to sinners, but not to sinners of a certain kind. They have never been found in a traitor to humanity or in an arrogant despiser of his own kind. Nor have they ever been found in great art. In lesser art? Yes, possibly. But the Library of Congress is a famous and dignified institution. The Fellows in American Letters are supposed to constitute a dignified and critical body. The United States of America is a large and dignified country, supposedly the trustee and depository of democracy and all the ideas opposed to those of "The Pisan Cantos." At all events, the United States of America has fought two world wars on that theory. Its national awards should not be given lightly. The Congressional Medal is not given lightly. Is poetry, then, a lesser thing than war?

If the Fellows in American Letters cannot find within a given year some volume of poetry with at least a few attributes of lasting greatness, then the award should be held over from year to year until such a volume is found. Otherwise within a short time the Bollingen Award will have about as much value and command about as much respect as a Coney Island prize for shooting at imitation ducks.

STRUTHERS BURT.

Moran, Wyo.

SIR: Count me a dissenter against the Hillyer *et al.'s*. I have bought my copy of "The Pisan Cantos" since the shouting began, and I go on record as saying that, whatever else is in them, there is also more poetry than most of us have read in the work of any other writer during the year 1948—with perhaps the exception of Jeffers.

I cannot help but wonder, having seen some of the beautiful Pantheon publications, just what would have happened had Mr. Hillyer been invited to permit them to publish, say, his "Collected Poems"? Would he have refused on the grounds that Bollingen was the name of Dr. Jung's home?

I do not believe that the morals of a man—politically or otherwise—have ever functioned against time, in a judgment of his art. If they did, we would have a very skimpy literature, gentlemen, would we not? There is a good deal of fallacy in the premise of Mr. Hillyer that Mr. Pound's political views should govern the disavowal of his poetry—that is, unless he has found it impossible to consider a poet separate from his medium, and that brings us to the first sentence in this paragraph once again. Are we judging Mr. Pound, or are we judging his work? If the latter, then *yes*, there *is* more poetic vitality in "The Pisan Cantos" than in that of other 1948 writers, and it is easily available to one practised in reading poetry of our times. If one merely read it aloud, without reference to content (and I am not by this statement urging the disavowal of content in Mr. Pound's poetry), the music of the work would stand up as poetry and would have esthetic validity for the hearer. Count me as one of the cons.

AMELIA SNYDER MCINTYRE.

San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: I have been delegated by my unit board here in Los Angeles to convey to you and your associates, our deep appreciation of the service you have done poetry and the public by the splendid way in which you have handled the recent extended controversy regarding the award to Ezra Pound of the Bollingen prize.

We feel that you have stated the issues clearly at all times, and, along with the very numerous private persons who have endorsed the views of Mr. Hillyer and yourselves, we are more than delighted that the long-brewing issue of what is to constitute the poetry of our time in the tastes exhibited by our literate public has been brought so effectively to a head.

Just now it is past the powers of our parent body to canvass the membership for its collective endorsement, which means approximately 600 more individuals, but we do hope to go on record before the public as members of this unit as endorsing the good work of Mr. Hillyer and the *SRL*.

HARVEY PARKER,
Treasurer and Secretarial Assistant for the Los Angeles Unit of Poets of the Pacific.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: All the Ezra Pound verbiage reminds me of an incident which, perhaps, deserves repetition.

In 1929 I went to Rapallo to visit Ezra. On the beach, while walking, we met an elderly gentleman named Gerhard Hauptmann, and Pound introduced me. It was the first time I had seen the German dramatist and, at the introduction, he looked at me as though trying to read my entire life's history in my eyes. Then he grunted, invited me to dinner at his home the following evening, and left. It was all rather sudden, gruff, and weird. I thought Pound would explain, but he merely chuckled. The next evening, on the dot, I presented myself at Hauptmann's door. He greeted me politely, but coldly, asked me to sit in the parlor, sat opposite me, and looked at me without talking. I tried several opening conversational gambits, none of which worked. I was distinctly uncomfortable. Then I was angry. I didn't know what the hell all this nonsense meant. And at that point dinner was announced. We went to the table, still cold, still polite, still dull, and I began eating. After the first course I tried again to stir up some chatter. Nothing doing. The second course came. I dug in, and thought to hell with him. I might as well eat. Then I looked up and saw Hauptmann watching me, a happy gleam in his eye. Now he chattered like a magpie. We had a wonderful visit.

Later over coffee and brandy Hauptmann explained. "You were probably puzzled by my behavior," he told me. "There is a reason for it. When I meet someone like you for the first time whose name is a puzzle—Kaufman, after all, might be a Jewish name—I have only one way to protect myself. I invite that person to dinner immediately and the dinner consists of ham. If my visitor eats it, then I know he is not a Jew and we can be friends. If he refuses it, of course—." And he waved his hands in an explanatory gesture.

This was in 1929, of course, and I am afraid I was stupid enough to be amused. I smiled and said, "The ham was delicious, Herr Hauptmann." We continued on a merry note.

I told Pound about it the next day. He was amused. I told him that I *was* Jewish, and what difference did it make? He was startled. "Really?" he said. "You don't act like a Jew."

I repeat, this was in 1929. A lot of us were pretty stupid, then. Certainly I was. I didn't slap back at the time, either literally or verbally. I thought it was all very funny. I was wrong.

WOLFE KAUFMAN.

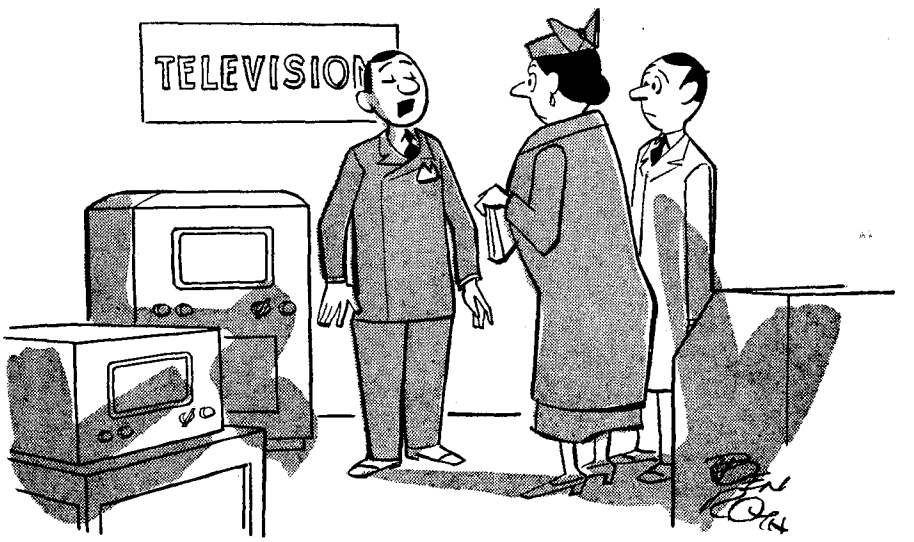
New York, N. Y.

Infinite Riches

SIR: Many thanks for the Marchette Chute article on Shakespeare [*SRL* July 23]. Infinite riches in a little room!

MARGARET WEBSTER.

Gay Head, Mass.



"Loose change found in the sofa after a busy night will more than meet the small monthly payments. . . ."

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Seeing Things

SUMMER BACHELOR

A husband should not lead a double life. Even people who are not moralists know this. Nor should he lead a single one. Yet summer, which is supposed to be the year's Sabbath, forces both of these upon him. At least it does when his wife and family have gone to the country and he is left behind in the city, a bachelor between week ends or until he takes such a vacation as his budget and his bosses permit.

Come June, July, and August, and a husband becomes a displaced person. His town address remains the same. To all intents and purposes he is at home. But what happens to nature when summer greens the landscape does not represent a greater change from winter's bareness than does that wintry blight which overtakes a husband's home in summer.

The cuckoo's singing loud is not the only proof that "sumer is icumen in." Let May steal up on the calendar, and on one unannounced day, between a husband's going downtown and coming back again, his apartment becomes alien territory. The slip covers come out of hibernation. Suddenly the gray furniture in the living room goes green or white. Without warning the pictures on the wall turn into sheeted Klansmen. The draperies are stripped from the windows. Newspapers, neatly folded, obscure the book shelves. The lamp shades are shrouded in what resembles plastic raincoats. The silver disappears from the dining room. Knick-knacks vanish throughout the apartment. Comforters and blankets are hidden beyond finding. Closets, once accessible, are locked against intruders. The floors in every room are left naked, robbed of their rugs. And these rugs, so soft and silencing, are rolled into long and cheerless obstacles at one side of the front hall. What remains is not rubble, but neither is it home.

Naturally the husband cries, "Good Lord!," wondering if his key has opened the right door. Naturally, with a man's dislike of change and genius for forgetting, he demands, "What's happened?"

"Summer, dear," is the changeless answer.

"But why?"

"So much cooler, dear," is the invariable reply. Every female visitor applauds the transformation as surely as every male visitor shudders at it. But all protests against it are in vain.

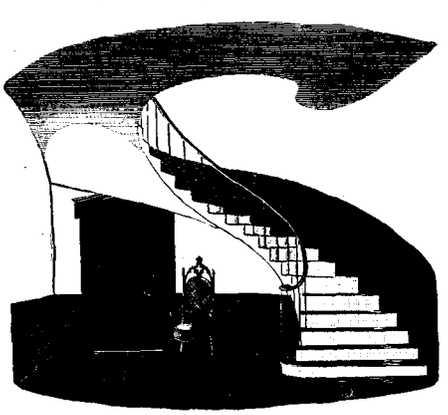
"You'll like it," the husband is told. "You'll see."

And see he does, even if he never comes to like it.

Why should he? For three long months, whenever he is in town, he camps out—indoors. For three long months he wanders around his domicile like a privileged nightwatchman in a storage warehouse. He dwells in a mausoleum. He is assigned to active duty with the mothball fleet.

He does not have the run of the whole apartment. He lives his hermit's life on little atolls of pseudo-domesticity in a sea of loneliness. He walks past doors shut on empty rooms which are not sealed but "closed," their blinds drawn against the brightening sun. He returns from sea breezes or mountain air to inhale camphor and tarpaper bags, the more redolent because of the city's heat. Nothing looks the same. Nothing is the same. If he would enter a home that is not a victim of the summer, he must dine at the apartment of a year-around bachelor who knows nothing about housekeeping and whose flat, therefore, is undisturbed by the summer's dislocations.

"Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," says the marriage service. But summer is not a man. It is a season. As such, it does not hesitate to uncouple the happily married and separate the *pater* from his *familias*. It is no respecter of persons or entities. Perhaps inevitably, it holds all fireside units in the warmest contempt. Not only its inclinations but its sympathies are feminist. It coerces the most independent of men into the realization that they are dependents. One of its heaviest and most reliable crops is the gratitude which each year it makes males feel for the women who give order to their lives.



The month of May, with its metamorphoses, is only a storm warning of what is to follow. As a wife explains the new routine on the eve of her departure with the children, it sounds simple enough.

"I've made all the arrangements," she says. "You can get breakfast. That's easy. It would be cooler, I think, don't you, to eat it on a tray by an open window in the living room? You'll have complete peace while reading your mail and the morning papers. A maid, an awfully good maid and a nice person, will come at nine each day. Don't forget her name is Elizabeth. She'll wash the dishes, dust, make your bed, and scrub the bathroom. The laundress will be here every Wednesday. All you have to do is to be sure to empty the hamper on Tuesday night, and remember to pay her. A lot of your friends will be in town. I'm sure they'll ask you out for dinner from time to time. Anyway you can always go down to the club or to a nice air-cooled restaurant. I'll bet you have a grand time."

GETTING breakfast is easy. In fact it is fun. No coffee is as good as the coffee you make for yourself. To squeeze an orange, boil two eggs, put two pieces of bread in an automatic toaster are not acts requiring the magic of a Ragueneau or a Brillat-Savarin. The process is quickly systematized. Its carrying out becomes as unconscious as tying a shoe. The results taste the better for the childish pride involved. They acquire the merits known to mountain climbers of the earned view.

Reading a newspaper—really making a meal on its columns, devouring the most minuscular stories no less than the front-page reports of that misbehavior which at any time is largely current history—has its advantages. The news, however, being what it is, gives me interruptions any day. News, good or bad, needs sharing and the interchange of reactions and opinions to take on its full flavor. Without such immediate pooling it is incomplete and often strangely flat. Besides, one wants to be reminded that what the headlines insist is true of humans is not the only truth about them.

Breakfast offers no problem. Neither does lunch nor dinner on those days when you happen to be working at home and are functioning as your own cook and dishwasher. Your regular cook, be it instantly confessed, rises higher than yeast in your es-

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teem. How you come to respect her talents and her patience, and marvel not only at her gift for producing peas unscorched and potatoes baked through but for timing her efforts so that the meat and vegetables are ready simultaneously and do not appear like installments of a serial in a magazine! How soon, too, you dispense with such accessories as cream and water pitchers or butter plates and, with the washing up in mind, reduce eating to a one-plate menu! Quite humanly, your ultimate inclination is to feed out of the Frigidaire and nibble from the breadbox.

Those luncheons and dinners downtown at the club or at those chilled restaurants with other deserted husbands are agreeable while they last. But the fact that they will end, that they are only interludes and jailbreaks, hangs over them, Damocleanwise. Regardless of the front they may put up, those other husbands are in the same fraternity. They are lost souls, widowed by the calendar. They also live in, and must return to, homes which are mere locust shells of themselves. They, too, are waiting for the time to come when they can push their way onto those Friday afternoon trains. They, too, wonder what they can do with their evenings.

Gertrude Stein's Saint Theresa in "Four Saints in Three Acts" eked out what, at best, must have been an uncomfortable existence. She, you may recall, was in a state of constant suspension. She was described as being "half indoors, half out of doors." The position occupied by summer bachelors is no less acrobatic and no more easeful. Such a position has its effects upon these bachelors. As men, they are quite different from what they were, and will be again, between September and May. Plainly, they are mariners who have lost not only their compasses but their ships.

No places are emptier than those which having housed many house one. Every male singled by the summer dreads the going home to that apartment of his to which, when it was not his alone, he looked forward to returning. If anything, the slip covers, the rolled rugs, the covered pictures, and the closed doors are more dispiriting by night than by day.

"My wife's gone to the country, hooray!," the old song used to proclaim. General McAuliffe, at the Battle of the Bulge, had the proper reply to that hooray. A summer bachelor can only say "Hooray!" when he has gone to the country, too. One thing, at least, the summer months teach him. His home is not where his house is. It is where his family is.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

STAGE

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Music and the Dance.

Until fairly recently neither Britain nor America has been much concerned with the ballet. Yet in producing literature about it Britain has long out-distanced her English-speaking cousin. Much of the credit for this superiority belongs to a British publisher, author, and educator named Arnold L. Haskell, who has written or edited more than a score of volumes about the ballet in as many years. The two examples of his work most recently to reach these shores, the 1949 edition of his "Ballet Annual" and a collection of essays, "Ballet Vignettes," are reviewed below. . . . In the sister field of music, a long-awaited biography of Schubert by the noted musicologist Robert Haven Schauffler has just been published. As our reviewer observes, it is a charmingly written but scarcely definitive volume.

A Happy Franzl

FRANZ SCHUBERT: The Ariel of Music. By Robert Haven Schauffler. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 427 pp. $5.

By James Lyons

THE publisher's claim that this "will immediately become the standard and definitive study" of Schubert's life and works is, to say the least, premature. It is in fact a charming book, full of delightful minutiae and great good sense. But it is no authoritative biography. That is yet to be produced.

Mr. Schauffler is an accomplished author, with dozens of titles to his credit. He is likewise a scholar of parts and an established "popular" musicologist, and enjoys a large audience as such. His latest no doubt will be well received and it deserves to be. In its genre, however, it must be taken with a grain of salt per page.

Robert Haven Schauffler—"a kind of call-me-Al *entente cordiale.*"

Like the Messrs. Erskine, Taylor, Spaeth, *et al.*, the author prefers the folksy, just-pull-up-a-chair approach. This presumably entertains the layman and makes for a higher general level of lowest common denominators, which is redeeming. Unfortunately, it doesn't make for objectivity. Oversimplification is only one of the evils which attend high-readability prose.

That is not to say this volume teems with errors. As to dates and opus numbers and that sort of thing, Mr. Schauffler seems to have been meticulous. He cites all the most respected sources and gives credit where due. The weakness can be traced to his habit of insisting on a thesis—biography demands none—and presenting mostly the data which fits itself to it. Some significant chaff gets inundated by the wheat.

Briefly stated, the thesis proper is that Schubert was a happier man than most biographers have made him out. It must be said that the evidence offered supports this for the most part. Nonetheless, in playing the psychiatrist Mr. Schauffler manages to challenge his conviction pretty strongly. He draws a convincing portrait of the Schubert born to Viennese *Schlamperei*, only to remind the reader that the composer's first songs included the "Corpse Fantasy," "The Parricide," and "Hagar's Lament"—in the last of which the son for whom an angel foretold a great future is driven out with his mother by a cruel father to famish in the wilderness.

In any event, it is refreshing to have a biographer around who has no qualms about discussing his subject's love life and its relationship to his artistic production. Mr. Schauffler doesn't put wheels on any ideas, exactly, but he doesn't hesitate to broach ideas.

—*Watercolor by Wilhelm August Rieder.*

Franz Schubert—"some significant chaff gets inundated by the wheat."

Throughout the biographical section, which constitutes about half the book, Schubert is "Franzl" to Mr. Schauffler. This kind of call-me-Al *entente cordiale* sets the tone. Then, too, there is a bit too much of this business:

"Hey, fellow," cried one of the candidates. "here comes a miller. Look he's all over flour."

The thoughtful reader begins to wonder whether the author was really there. This criticism may be picayune, but a book advertised as a major contribution to musico-historical scholarship ought to be free of such liberties with time and place. It only casts suspicion on other quite worthy passages.

About 200 pages, more or less, are devoted to a consideration of the legacy which is Schubert's music. As program notes Mr. Schauffler's analyses are quite sound, though he is cavalier in spots. In his reference to the A major Sonata, Opus 120, for instance, he finds that work "far below . . . in musical value" the posthumous B flat Sonata. One could quibble with several such remarks.

The book was subsidized, the author relates, by the Schubert Fund Committee and Mr. and Mrs. C. Dewar Simons. Music lovers are in their debt. There is a certain poignancy in Mr. Schauffler's explanation: "Any biography that requires as many years of research as this book has called for needs subsidization for the same reason that a symphony orchestra needs it."

James Lyons, a member of the editorial staff of the Miami *(Florida)* Herald, *has written numerous articles on musical subjects.*

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Tip-Top on Toes

THE BALLET ANNUAL 1949. *Edited by Arnold L. Haskell. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 144 *pp.* $6.

BALLET VIGNETTES. By Arnold L. Haskell. New York: Irving Ravin. 80 *pp.* $3.

By RUSSELL RHODES

ARNOLD L. HASKELL, an eminent English dance critic, who surely must eat, drink, sleep, and generally live ballet, has sent over two more books of his observations as a professional balletomane that followers of dance art will eagerly add to their personal libraries. "The Ballet Annual 1949," third of its series, brims not only with Mr. Haskell's on-the-spot editorial reactions to dance events at Sadler's Wells, the Royal Opera House at Covent Garden, and various London theatres, but also a series of informed articles by authorities in their respective fields.

As if every last word had not been said on the work of Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin, Cyril W. Beaumont notes their return to home soil after an absence in this country which the British have reluctantly conceded as a sort of lend-lease in reverse. "In the course of a decade," writes Mr. Beaumont, welcoming back these darlings, "Markova has shed a few feathers from her wings. Dolin's footwork is perhaps not quite so brilliant as it was." But, he adds quickly, "genuine art is a sufficiently rare commodity for us to be deeply grateful for the esthetic experience their visit afforded."

American balletomanes as well as discriminating filmgoers will find considerable interest in Jack Cardiff's dissertation on "cine-choreography" in "The Red Shoes," excellent English film which has been running at New York's Bijou Theatre since last October. He finds the cinematic medium "a legitimate suitor for the hand of this sylphic maiden [the ballet] and the offspring might well be an exciting fusion of the simple enchantment of ballet with the virile magic of the movie camera."

Richard Buckle records the "Two or Three Minutes" in various ballets that for him "not only rang the bell but returned the penny and brought me special joy"—Arvil Navarre with all the verve of Danilova in "Mam'zelle Angot," Margot Fonteyne, resplendent in yellow and black, diamonds and pearls in "Scènes de Ballet," Rosella Hightower in "The Black Swan," the sacrificial ritual for Shango, thunder-god of the West

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African Yorubas, as danced by Katherine Dunham's company.

André Derain's art as "supreme colorist of the twentieth-century theatre" is discussed by Michael Ayrton with regard to his designs for "La Concurrence" (which was brought over here by the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo seventeen years ago), "L'Epreuve d'Amour," and others. In writing of Serge Lifar as a choreographer, Pierre Michaut does not forget to note that it was Georges Balanchine who first gave him an outlet for his talents as a dancer during the last Diaghileff seasons abroad. Action and narrative dominate Lifar's work but as a choreographer he cannot stand beside Massine and Nijinska.

Joan Lawson makes some shrewd remarks on national traits in ballet as noted by British, American, Russian, and French styles. She suggests as a reason why ballet failed to find a home in England until recently the fact that the English theatre has never been supported by King or State. The place of dancing not only as an ideal instrument in promoting physical development and deportment but also in instructing youth in history, art, music, and literature is well argued by Philip J. S. Richardson, veteran editor of the London *Dancing Times*.

In view of the scheduled October engagement of the Sadler's Wells Ballet in New York, American readers will have their appetites whetted by Mr. Haskell's comments. The book is profusely illustrated with an admirable selection of photographs. Ann Barzel reports concisely on "Ballet in America" for the 1947-48 season.

Mr. Haskell's "Ballet Vignettes" is an example of how well he conveys to the student of dance and to the general spectator the background knowledge which is a prerequisite to intelligent appreciation of ballet. For years he has been writing as critic and enthusiast. He has stood in the wings, sat out front at every premiere, and for countless repetition, talked with every important dancer, choreographer and designer; yet he never allows admiration or friendship to interfere with critical candor.

In his discussion of "Critical Standards," he states the critic's creed, ever cognizant of how well nigh impossible it is for a writer to communicate the excitement or thrill in certain performances or the electric quality that is part of individual dancers. He considers the influence of personalities on the work of companies as units. Of Pavlova, he says that she moved exquisitely, even when taking a call, "more exquisitely than I have ever seen anyone move." He declares that every girl who has ever been photographed in draperies against a Parthenon background takes the name of Isadora Duncan in vain. ("If ballet forgets Duncan, it will degenerate.") Karsavina, Pearl Argyle, Riabouchinska, Baronova and Toumanova, Massine and Helpmann—the reader with a love for great artists and memorable ballet will respond to Mr. Haskell's discerning opinions and share his enthusiasms preparatory to his next inspection of "Swan Lake" or "Giselle."

Dance Notes

BALLET IN AMERICA, by George Amberg. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $6. In the introduction Mr. Amberg points out that, while some form of ballet has been present in America for about 150 years, the native American ballet is barely fifteen years old. Though this scarcely provides enough time for an objective assessment, "Ballet in America" is the most complete study concentrated on the field. The expected ground is covered, with a brief sketch of the early days, the importance of the Diaghileff-Pavlova influences, an analysis of the various Ballets Russes (a complicated subject, that), and a painstaking survey of Ballet Theatre. Lesser companies and trends, including the Broadway stage, also are discussed. Balletomanes should carefully read Mr. Amberg's dissertation on the two greatest of contemporary choreographers (in America, at any rate)—Balanchine and Tudor. He is broad-minded enough to see them in proper perspective, unlike many critics who are biased toward one or the other, and his study of Tudor is a brilliant piece of work. When it comes to probing into what, exactly, makes a given work "American," the author runs into the same trouble that music and art critics encounter, and his explanation is just as impressionistic. If there is one fault in the book, it is Mr. Amberg's tendency towards somewhat indiscriminate praise, at times almost to the point where he sounds like a professional apologist. A chronology (1767-1948) and list of ballets in the repertoire of the various companies are useful appendices. Many fine photographs point up the survey.

—Rosalyn Krokover.

THE DANCE ENCYCLOPEDIA, compiled and edited by Anatole Chujoy. A. S. Barnes. $7.50. A weighty tome which is fascinating even to a confirmed balletophobe. Random samplings of the contents turn up such varied items as "Sociology of the Dance," a history of tap dancing, and an article on "eukinetics." Biographies of dancers and choreographers (both living and dead) are included, together with details of innumerable ballets, definitions of dance terminology, and the history of important dance companies past and present. Mr. Chujoy has called upon many well-known authorities to contribute to this admirable encyclopedia.

—Roland Gelatt.

Late Edition

By Louis Ginsberg

THE rhetoric of the sunset light is bent
On houses, flattering them till they relent
Their lowering and strict formality
To hear important tidings that will be
Released soon on loud-speakers of the wind.
The buildings, once so sternly disciplined,
Lean on the balcony of the evening there,
Like some rapt audience. People stare
From windows and from fire-escapes, where flowers
In flower-pots confer with secret powers
In prescience of the tidings to be sung
From bells deep in the sunset to be rung.

Suddenly glory fades upon the wind.
The houses spring back, once more disciplined.
The newsboys, with editions crying doom,
Scatter a dark infection to each room.

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reader to believe that through all her suffering and humiliation Ursula has deeply loved her brutal husband. The truth is that she has always understood him, pitied the man whose ego had been so injured in his youth that he must flaunt his wealth before everyone and ruin his competitors and neighbors. She also understood that a nature like his found compensation in loving and spoiling his children until they turned against him as their hated enemy. If "Let Love Come Last" is a tract on the care and training of children it is written with such sympathy for poor Ursula's hopeless efforts to save them from disaster that the reader becomes emotionally involved in the story as well as edified by it.

Man of Undistinction

BAXTER BERNSTEIN. By Stephen Seley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 239 *pp.* $3.

By Milton Crane

JOIN me in a nightmare. Imagine that Baxter Bernstein, a young American and would-be writer, has fled to Mexico City shortly after Pearl Harbor. Here we find him, sitting in a café, brooding about his relationship with one Lisa, whom he has just asked to leave her lover, Luis. (Baxter spells Luis without the accent, being as unsound in his Spanish and French as he is addicted to the use of both languages.) Lisa is in a quandary, but her Baxter is frankly terrified lest Luis avenge his honor with a knife. Baxter carries on a perpetual interior monologue, in which he is consumed with shame about a number of things: his cowardice as compared with the heroism of the Spanish Civil War veterans at the next table, his indolence, etc., etc.

Presently Baxter wanders off and finds his friend Chici. Now we are treated to a pointless discussion of l'affaire Lisa, ending with an outburst by Chici. Baxter undertakes a pub-crawl and narrowly escapes being knifed by a young Mexican officer. He is then picked up and eventually seduced by Inez, an American divorcée.

Now a flash-back: Baxter, en route to Mexico City, stops off in New Orleans to see an old flame, Fortune, his sometime mistress in New York. She meets him in a bar, but runs out on him; Baxter, nothing daunted, finds a taxi-driver who takes him to a brothel, from which our fastidious young artist escapes only to find a pathetic Negro prostitute. More *Walpurgisnacht* stuff. Now Baxter proceeds to Beaumont, accompanied by Fortune, who promises to join her lover in Mexico.

We return to Baxter in Mexico City. Reprise of Lisa and seduction of Lisa. And there is Baxter, back at the same old table in the same old café (some readers may find in this a remarkable symmetry and unity), making up his little mind to go to New York, no more or less illogically than he has done anything else.

What have we omitted from our nightmare? Not much; but a good deal of what gives "Baxter Bernstein" its curious tone, a tone which makes the innocent reader wonder why the author thought the book worth writing and why the publisher thought it worth publishing. "A hero of sorts," the dust jacket calls Baxter; "a portrait of the artist as a young swine" might be a more accurate characterization. The Baxter Bernstein view of the world is one of a gigantic circus, in which the resources of literature, philosophy, alcohol, and sex are plundered to make an agreeable reverie. One gets the idea fairly well before

HOW DID *YOU* DO?

Here are the answers to the 10 questions in the Harcourt, Brace prize contest of August 6th. If your score was nothing to brag about, you have the consolation of a lot of good reading in store—at all booksellers.

1 **Sinclair Lewis,** author of *Main Street, Babbitt,* Arrowsmith,** etc.
2 **Carl Sandburg,** biographer of Abraham Lincoln
3 **Virginia Woolf,** author of *Mrs. Dalloway,* To the Lighthouse,** etc.
4 **Thomas Merton's** *The Seven Storey Mountain*
5 **P. D. Ouspensky,** author of *In Search of the Miraculous* (Coming in Oct.)
6 **Carl Sandburg,** author of *Remembrance Rock*
7 **Stringfellow Barr,** author of *The Pilgrimage of Western Man*
8 **Lytton Strachey,** author of *Queen Victoria** and *Eminent Victorians*
9 **Paul de Kruif,** author of *Microbe Hunters,* and *Hunger Fighters**
10 **Dorothy Canfield,** author of *Four-Square* (Coming in Oct.) and **Eudora Welty,** author of *The Golden Apples*

Note: 25 additional prizes will be awarded to cover acceptable alternates.

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the end of the first page, and the rest of the book is an intolerable embroidery of the frowsiest theme in recent fiction.

The suspicion grows on one that Mr. Seley originally conceived his book as a sympathetic portrait of a young novelist groping his way to maturity through a wilderness of confused and confusing experiences. Gradually it became clear that these experiences, with all the ironic self-revelations they engendered in the hero, could be depicted more successfully in satire than in the traditional *Künstlerroman*, and Baxter began the long descent, another unhappy victim of Dedalism.

There goes Baxter Bernstein, man of undistinction, back to the tequila-soaked Nighttown that gave him birth. All we can hope is that Baxter will prove to be *sui generis*.

Life with a Blue Pencil

THE BIG WHEEL. By John Brooks. New York: Harper & Bros. 239 pp. $2.75.

By Lee Rogow

SHALL the Bright Young Man trade his ideals for a mess of martinis? This is the central conflict of a growing group of postwar novels which have concerned themselves with aspects of "word-mongering," as Henry Seidel Canby called it in his *SRL* Anniversary Issue piece. Frederic Wakeman and Herman Wouk did a brass-knuckle job on radio advertising, Jerome Weidman's latest took the lid off newspaper syndicate houses, and others have explored the literary agencies, the publishing houses, the movies, and magazines of both the slick and pulp persuasion. There seems to be no field left for the novelist coming up except sky-writing.

In almost every case the major conflict of these novels is the same: how simultaneously satisfy the urge for a high standard of morality and a high standard of living?

There must be thousands of sensitive and talented young people to whom this is an important problem, who daily face the sticky truth that in order to have good things to eat and drink and nice places in which to live they must make themselves an accessory to the cultural and moral corruption which occurs when big business penetrates the arts. It is not surprising that so many of these sensitive and talented people have put this conflict into their novels. To my knowledge, however, none of them has yet made really exciting literature out of it. Gossips that we are, we're delighted to get the inside dope, yet we find that we can't get deeply involved with the fates of the succession of cardboard characters who have been the heroes of these books.

The John Brooks first novel has many of the advantages and more than the usual number of disadvantages of this genre. This one is about a big-time magazine, which I make out to be that colossal compendium of science, religion, and Texas high-school drum majorettes, *Life* magazine. The novel is the story of a young man who gets put on the book because his cousin is the editor, and who then becomes involved in a local squabble about whether the help are going to be required to believe what they write. The staff members get sufficiently worked up about this to make up a petition affirming, in effect, their right to make a dishonest dollar. The news that some of his underlings aren't *sincere* so unsettles the idealistic editor that he gets drunk, resigns, and moves to California. The man and the moral involved in this choice were both so shadowy that it was impossible for me to be affected by them.

What did delight me in the book were the portions I have already referred to as gossip. Brooks has a witty sense of the quality of the lives, personalities, and politics of that inbred little community which is the editorial floor of a magazine. And he does have a nice, crisp, flexible prose style, which prejudices me strongly in favor of any man.

—*John Glidden.*

John Brooks—trading "ideals for a mess of martinis."

Fiction Notes

IRIS IN WINTER, by Elizabeth Cadell. William Morrow. $3. This is Angela Thirkell and Margery Sharp reduced to the fiftieth degree, described on the jacket as "warm, slightly mad, thoroughly delightful." It is the story of a group of people who have retreated, for various reasons, to the small village of High Ambo, some six hours from London. There is Caroline West, a beautiful young widow escaping from her husband's solicitous relatives; her sister Iris, on assignment from her newspaper; Robert, their fascinating and irresponsible brother, and Polly, Robert's scatterbrained financée, who appears to have a bad case of juvenile regression.

There are also a number of local eccentrics, including a Colonel Brock, who cadges small sums of money from the ladies on the pretext of doing some shopping for them and who borrows new magazines and returns ancient ones; there is a young headmaster of the nearby boys' school who falls in love with Iris and she with him, in accordance with the well-worn formula of boy meets girl, instant hostility, gradual thawing out, then misunderstanding, renunciation, and final happy ending. There are a lot of small boys from the school who keep turning up on Caroline's doorstep, and a wicked cat named Solly who introduces a further note of comedy by lacerating anyone who approaches him.

It is all so determinedly light and slightly mad and so veddy, veddy British. "I say, Iris," says Ted, a young London suitor, "I popped in to ask whether you'd marry me." "No, Ted," replies Iris absently. "Thanks awfully, just the same." And the little boys are always shouting, "Oh I say! I would jolly well like some tea, rather!"

I have a great respect for the printed word, and I am always conscious that in any book even the "ands" and "thes" have been sweated out by the author. But some books—and this is one of them—remind me of those frothy desserts constructed at great pains by the hostess out of gelatine and scraps of soaked cake and whites of eggs and bits of fruit. Some guests find this delicious. *Chacun à son gôut.*

MY LAMP IS BRIGHT, by Dorothy Evelyn Smith. E. P. Dutton. $3. Here is a pleasant, sentimental Victorian novel—Victorian both in its setting and in its author's romantic conception of plot. It is the story of Christine Bentley, who at the age of eight or

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so recognizes in Johnny Weatherhead, ten years her senior, a sturdy, upright young farmer, the love for which she will keep her lamp alight all the years of her life. Christine and Johnny, whose remarkable lack of initiative as a lover keeps him from expressing his ardor by more than kissing her cheeks (or the tip of her nose) and calling her "Blue Eyes," are united at last, when Christine is in her late forties and he, naturally, still ten years older, after both have made bad marriages (with the noblest of motives) and been extricated by the convenient deaths of their unworthy partners.

This curiously ingenuous plot is counteracted considerably by Mrs. Smith's really charming and sensitive portrayal of Christine as a child and a girl and a young woman; particularly as a child growing up in the picturesque little village where her father works in an apothecary shop, and where her family, despite their growing poverty and ill health, are idyllically happy. Christine's devotion to her father and mother, and to her brilliant, erratic, crippled younger brother, for whose sake she marries her wealthy cousin Charles, coldly incapable of real love, is touchingly and credibly shown. The numerous supporting cast of the story, and the setting in which the drama of Christine's and Johnny's life unfolds, are drawn with warmth and color and understanding. The book has something of Louisa M. Alcott's stubborn inspirationalism and naïveté, though it must be admitted that Mrs. Smith at least calls a spade a shovel. And, as a welcome relief from stream-of-consciousness analyses of tortured people in torturous situations, this gentle, leisurely, and idealistic book will entertain many readers, particularly feminine ones.

—Sara Henderson Hay.

A MATTER OF TASTE, by Richard Lockridge. J. B. Lippincott. $2.75. In this instance Mr. Lockridge has ventured off without Mr. and Mrs. North, and without Mrs. Lockridge too, in quest of a serious and solitary enterprise. It is murder still, but this time murder plus psychiatry, murder in which we are apprehending not the killer (we know him from the very beginning) but the quirk in the mind, the slow sickening that drives him inexorably to his crime. Oliver Hillard fancies himself as an esthete, a deliberate hedonist who has tasted every experience a man of culture might imagine desirable, from naive wines to naive women, always in good taste, of course, and with the proper restraints. Is there anything he has missed, Oliver wonders one day at the age of fifty-two. Why yes, he has never killed anyone. He has read of it, seen it portrayed, lived isolated amidst two generations of men who have experienced it at first hand—yet he has not known it. The idea becomes tantalizing, then pressing, finally an obsession; and in the course of this mental reorientation Oliver's relations with people change. He takes on at last the qualities of thought of a paranoiac. Thus, by the time he has at last selected a victim and killed her and begun to thirst for more he is no longer cool and objective about his venture. He is mentally sick and blinded, he blunders, he drags a trail of damaging clues behind him and is caught and killed like a mad animal. Mr. Lockridge has done an interesting job of it, within his own set limits. Oliver Hillard is an interesting figure without being an important one, and his history too is interesting without being profound. "A Matter of Taste" rests easily in that shadowy realm just above murder thrillers and just below novels of character.

HEAR THIS WOMAN!, by Ben and Ann Pinchot. Farrar, Straus. $3. Faith Holmes (This Woman!) is the embattled heroine of a fearful succession of affairs accidental, emotional, romantical, marital, political, local, and national. Any of her dramatic moments would serve very well as the mainspring for a full week of episodes in one of the more potent soap operas —and it is my feeling that "Hear This Woman!" offers an approximate idea of what it would be like to hear about fifty weeks of it in one gulp, no breathing. Faith Holmes is being condemned, at the book's opening, as a corrupt and ruthless woman who has stepped across prostrate bodies to her high position. There is a dossier of her life, written by her detractors and held like a club over her head. Now we, the readers, are going to judge her. We go back along this dossier to retrace step by step the perils and heartaches of a good and courageous woman. Somewhere on this merry-go-round of all her tattered passions we are supposed to fall in love with her. But that is rather hard to do, since we should have to believe in her first. The Pinchots haven't treated her any too seriously, and how can we? They would have it that Faith is a magnetic political leader among women, yet they have failed to endow her with the qualities for the role. Faith isn't even convincing as the most popular girl at school, much less as the spellbinder on a national hook-up. It is a matter of casting. You will have to imagine Miss Betty Grable as Miss Clare Luce.

—Nathan L. Rothman.

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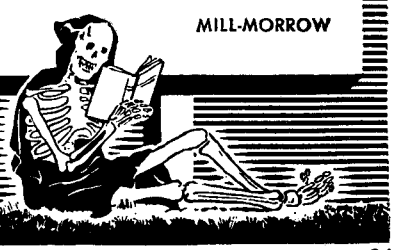

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

PT. OF INT.: USA (EST. 1776) POP. (1949) 148,591,128

WE recently completed a rather careful inspection of three books: "The American Guide,"* edited by Henry G. Alsberg and published on August 10; the "Guide to America,"† edited by Elmer Jenkins and reissued on August 10, and "Baedeker's United States with an Excursion Into Mexico,"‡ published in 1893. The Baedeker was the last complete tourist guide to the United States until these two new books appeared.

"The American Guide" is a volume of some 1,376 pages of closely-set type. It is a dictionary of American place names, an encyclopedia of American history, a collection of automobile routes, a directory for sightseeing. It covers the country by grouping the states into regional headings—New England, Middle Atlantic, Lake States, Plains States, The South, The Southwest, The Mountain States, and The West Coast. The regional sections are further subdivided according to the main routes which dissect them, the towns en route being covered factually as they are approached. I see by the broadside that it is one of the greatest publishing events of our time.

The "Guide to America" first appeared a year ago, at which time it was adequately reviewed in this space (*SRL* Sept. 4, 1948). The fact that it has been reissued on August 10, 1949, the publication date of "The American Guide," is chargeable, I presume, to miraculous coincidence. At any rate, the "Guide to America" is a collection of historical and touristic information reprinted from the regional tour books distributed by the American Automobile Association free to its members. Side-stepping complexity, the "Guide to America" simply divides itself by states, and subdivides the states alphabetically by communities.

"The American Guide," a Book-of-the-Month-Club selection, spends some eighty-six pages on a capsuled review of American history, Indians, art, literature, labor, music, and architecture. The 1893 Baedeker, written by J. F. Muirhead, who later established his own Blue Guides, contained essays on the history of politics, the Constitution, aborigines and aboriginal remains, fine arts, sports, and educational, charitable, penal, and industrial institutions. Whereas "The American Guide" shoots its information to all corners, even resorting rather comfortably at times to the American vernacular, Baedeker (or Muirhead) slanted his observations to the European, particularly to the Englishman. Said Baedeker, by way of introducing America to Old-World sophisticates:

> The first requisites for the enjoyment of a tour in the United States are an absence of prejudice and a willingness to accommodate oneself to the customs of the country. He should from the outset reconcile himself to the absence of deference or servility on the part of those he considers his social inferiors. . . . The average Englishman will probably find the chief physical discomforts in the dirt of the streets, the roughness of the country roads, the winter overheating of hotels and railway cars (70-75 Fahr. being by no means unusual), and (in many places) the habit of spitting on the floor.

Baedeker then quickly reassured prospective travelers that "the Americans themselves are alive to these weak points and are doing their best to remove them." If further assurance were needed, the book said:

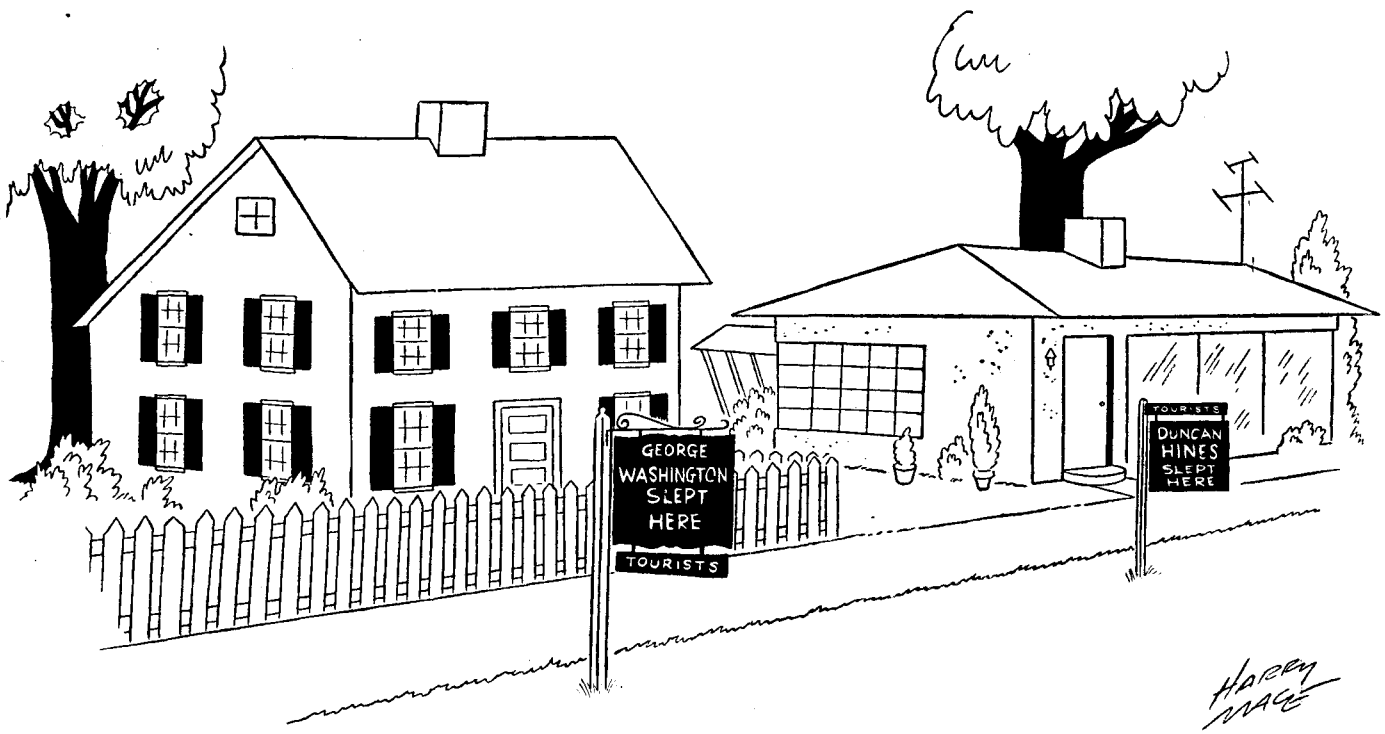
> Through out almost the whole country, traveling is now as safe as in most civilized parts of Europe, and carrying of arms which is indeed forbidden in many states . . . is unnecessary.

My main objection to the Baedekers and Blue Guides as travel books has been that in their attempt to be utilitarian they have degenerated into a hopeless hodge-podge of abbreviations, symbols, upper, lower, and bold-

**The American Guide. Edited by Henry G. Alsberg. New York: Hastings House.* 1,376 *pp.* $7.50.

† Guide to America. Edited by Elmer Jenkins. Washington: Public Affairs Press. 705 *pp.* $3.75.

‡ Baedeker's United States. By J. F. Muirhead. Leipzig: Karl Baedeker. $3.60. *(Out-of-print.)*



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The U.S. in 1893

Baedeker on barber shops: "Haircuts developed to high point. 'Tonsorial saloons' are often luxurious. The prices, however, are high (15-25¢ for a shave, including hair-brushing and the application of essences; hair-cutting 25-35¢)."

face type. The result was not only unreadable, but unless one practised assiduously, completely indecipherable. A passage from a recent Blue Guide to Switzerland reads like this:

> A good view-point within easy reach is (2¼ hrs. N. E.) the *Hannig Alp* (6,923 ft.) at the N. end of the Saas-Grat, reached via (1¼ hr.) *Grächen* (5,305 ft.; *Hotel Kurhaus*, open always, *Hannig-Alp, Sonne*, summer only R & B. 5¾, D. 3½-4½, pens. from 10½ fr.), a pleasant little summer resort.

The abyss of abbreviations originally dug by the Baedekers, is a pit into which "The American Guide" has also slipped. For example:

> Wilmington is situated on W. bank of Del. R. bet. Brandywine Cr. and Christina R. . . . *Wilmington Pub. Lib.* (O. wks. 1923. neo-Class. by A. M. Githens and E. L. Tilton) has rich coll. of Delewareana.

What is more, it has compounded its fracture of readable prose by composing its abbreviated words into telegraphic sentences. The only relief from the continual diet of directional and historical hash is the inclusion of frequent anecdotes—hashed up, of course—but interesting enough to encourage the reader to decipher. All regional sections are preceded by the fresh wind of a readable essay, written, as the Army might say, in the clear: that is, in plain, unchopped English.

The "Guide to America," while it doesn't pretend to cram in the amount of fact which has been compiled by "The American Guide," uses almost no abbreviations. It is content to rely on its adequate, if undistinguished, prose.

But even though "The American Guide" calls itself "The Only Complete Travel Guide to the United States" and the "Guide to America" insists that it is "A Comprehensive Treasury of Travel Information," neither book consents to list a hotel, an inn, a tourist court, a boarding house, or a park bench. Neither book has listed a restaurant, and neither has considered a price. In covering Atlantic City, as an example, "The American Guide" allows the resort about three-quarters of a page. In the matter of where to stay at night it had this to say: "Accoms.: All types." The "Guide to America" gave the city five inches of type, half a page wide, and skipped the subject of hotels entirely. In 1893 Baedeker's entry read:

> Atlantic City.—Hotels. Traymore, Brighton, $3-5; Seaside, Dennis, United States, Shelburne, Isleworth, Chalfonte, Haddon Hall, $3-3½; Congress Hall, Elberon, $2½-3; Berkshire Inn, $2-3; etc.—Boarding Houses $10-25 a week—Cottages $200 for the season. Carriages from railway stations to the hotels, 1-2 pers, 50¢; each addit. pers. 25¢, per. hr. $1½.—Tramway along Atlantic Ave.

Prices, even though variable, give the traveler some index to the type of accommodation under consideration. Baedeker included prices and upheld his policy by stating:

> Although changes frequently take place, and prices generally have an upward tendency, the average charges stated in the Handbook will enable the traveler to form a fair estimate of his expenditure.

Those who tour the United States with the current American guides will be without the advice of Baedeker, who said:

> When ladies are of the party, it is advisable to frequent the best hotels only . . . rates for boarding houses which abound everywhere are $8 a week and up . . . furnished apartments, $4-5 a week upwards. . . . Soap, curiously enough, though provided in hotels is not provided in boarding houses or lodgings.

And what substitute is there in 1949 for this sage advice of 1893:

> A single traveler will generally find à la carte restaurants rather expensive, but one portion will usually be found enough for two guests and two portions ample for three.

In these crass times when it is homicide to be homely, "The American Guide" on the same subject says simply:

> *Restaurants*: Although good restaurants will be found in all the larger cities (very commonly offering French, Italian, German, or other foreign cuisines), the most widely patronized eating establishments in the U. S. are the cafeteria (a self-service restaurant) & the lunch counter.

On social customs in these United States of fifty-six years ago Baedeker wrote:

> Tipping the waiter is not as a rule necessary or even (outside of the large Eastern cities) expected. . . . The custom is not as firmly rooted

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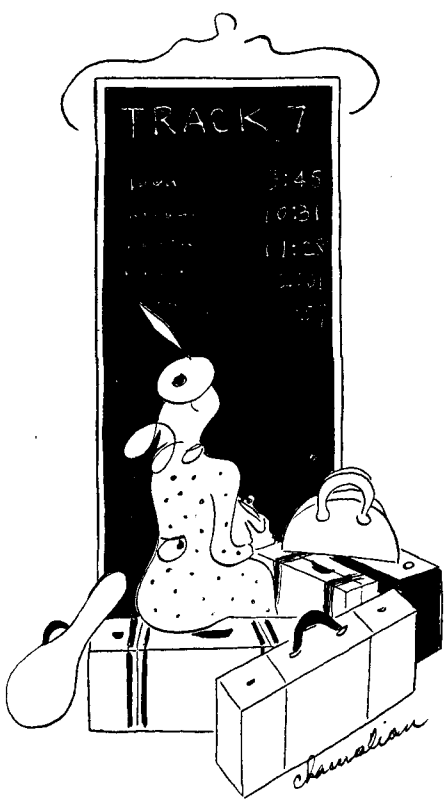
as in Europe and should not be encouraged.

If Baedeker's plea was well meant, it apparently was not well kept. Says "The American Guide" with dispassionate finality:

Tipping: It is generally customary througnout the U. S. to tip a minimum of 10% for any service.

There is no doubt that "The American Guide" is a monumental compilation of data concerning the country's communities, the historical memories and recreational facilities they hold, and the routes which connect them. The "Guide to America" is a diluted generalization of the same, except that it contains no information about routes. Both are source books, both can be pulled down from the shelf—or taken from the glove compartment—as you would reach for a dictionary. If you want to know how many plant specimens in the Rocky Mt. Herbarium, where to find Omar Khayyam Art Pottery in North Carolina, or the height in feet of the Travelers Insurance Building in Hartford, then run, do not walk, to the nearest bookshop. "The American Guide" is your book. The trouble is, if you can call it trouble, that neither of the new guides is a companion. To seek friendship in them while traveling the United States would be confusing the common touch with the academic approach—not altogether unakin, I should imagine, to making love to a librarian.

—Horace Sutton.



The Film Forum

A DOCUMENTARY REVIEW—Part 1

***The Saturday Review*'s Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

Editor's Note: *Just about twenty-five years ago, John Grierson used the word "documentary" in describing Flaherty's "Moana," thus giving a descriptive name to a motion-picture concept which still has never been fully defined. Whatever else it may do, the documentary film seems always to combine the artistic with the sociological, the factual with the dramatic.*

Listed below in alphabetical order are ten documentary productions of the past two decades, selected from those currently available in this country on 16mm. Considered as a unit, they represent this reviewer's choice as the best in documentary, indicating the potential scope and merit of this kind of film.

Most of these films are available for rental or purchase from leading educational and commercial film libraries, as well as from the main distribution source given in each case. A continuation of this listing will appear next week.

And So They Live (1940). This is a grim socio-poetic account of family life in the backwoods area of Kentucky, pointing out the bitter inadequacies of public education and an experimental attempt to remedy the situation. Produced by the Educational Film Institute of New York University; directed by John Ferno and Julian Roffman. (30 min.) Available from NYU Film Library, Washington Square, New York 3.

A Child Went Forth (1942). Life at a progressive summer camp for very young children, as intimate, charming, and unaffected as only a child's world can be. Produced by Joseph Losey and John Ferno; commentary by Munro Leaf. (18 min.) Available from Brandon Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 19.

The Children Must Learn (1940). Companion piece to "And So They Live," with a fine musical background of American ballad singing. Directed by Willard Van Dyke; edited by Irving Lerner. (13 min.) Available from NYU Film Library, Washington Square, New York 3.

The City (1939). The confused and harsh ramifications of city living are vividly and, at times, humorously contrasted with the life in a planned "green-belt" community. Produced for the American Institute of Planners; directed by Ralph Steiner and Willard Van Dyke, from a scenario by Pare Lorentz; music by Aaron Copland. (30 min.) Available to educational organizations only from the Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St., New York.

The Feeling of Rejection (1947). An introduction to the problems of a "normal" neurotic, showing psychiatric therapy and eventual adjustment of a repressed young woman. (See *SRL* Nov. 6, 1948.) Produced by the National Film Board of Canada as first in a series entitled "Mental Mechanisms." Produced and directed by Robert Anderson. (25 min.) Available from the National Film Board of Canada, 1270 Sixth Ave., New York 20.

Granton Trawler (1934). A carefully edited, excellently recorded sound-and-picture study of a fishing expedition off Scotland, with no spoken commentary. Produced and photographed for the [British] Empire Marketing Board by John Grierson; directed by Edgar Anstey. (11 min.) Available from the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, for purchase only.

High Over the Borders (1942). A photographic record of bird migrations between North and South America, with some meaningful implications on international relations. Produced by the National Film Board of Canada for the New York Zoological Society; written and directed by Irving Jacoby; edited by John Ferno. (21 min.) Available from the National Film Board of Canada, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20.

Human Growth (1948). A teaching film on the biological facts of the human maturing process, intended for use in high schools and junior high schools. (See *SRL* April 2, 1949.) Produced by Eddie Albert Productions for the University of Oregon; directed by Irving Lerner. (19 min., color). Available for purchase only from the University of Oregon, Portland, Ore.

Hymn of the Nations (1945). Toscanini's only film appearance, superbly photographed and recorded. (See *SRL* Dec. 25, 1949.) Produced for the OWI Overseas by Irving Lerner; directed by Alexander Hammid; photographed by Peter Glushanok. (40 min.) Available for purchase only from Castle Division of United World Films, Inc., 1440 Park Ave., New York.

Lever-Age (1942). A model teaching film, showing the development of the lever of ancient times to the highly complicated gear of today's industrial world. Originally produced in 1939 by Arthur Elton for the British Petroleum Films Bureau under the title "The Transfer of Power," the American version is available without charge from the Shell Oil Company, 50 West 50th St., New York. (20 min.)

—Cecile Starr.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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MY KIND OF POETRY

(Continued from page 8)

And all pride's barefoot tarantelle on knives
Are but man's search for dignity of souls.

Free verse I write not at all, "on principle." Rhyme and meter are my unchanging stage on which my changing actors stumble or dance. By keeping rhythm regular, I provide the content with a formal background which, by contrast, makes more effective the utmost variety and imaginative flights. When rhyme and meter become too irregular, there is no contrast to spotlight the goings-on of the actors on the stage. Too many modern poets wear their heartlessness on their sleeve. They are afraid to let themselves go emotionally and be wild, for fear of seeming ridiculous and unsophisticated, with the result that their lyrics are unlyrical. Likewise they are afraid to luxuriate richly in tunefulness and rhyme and felicitous alliteration for fear of seeming crude and mechanically Swinburnian, with the result that they lack lilt and lack all singing qualities. They should take to heart the very wise words of a very vulgar song of the 1920's:

It don't mean a thing
If it ain't got the swing

Stanza two of "Poet" (the opening poem of my "Terror and Decorum") illustrates my most basic principle of composition, my insistence on making intellectual concepts sensuous. In a prose essay, rhymes are merely rhymes, exclamation-marks are exclamation-marks, nouns are nouns. This being poetry, they become three-dimensional physical creatures with lives of their own. This stanza describes the revolt of the outworn romantic claptrap against the dead classical poet who has hitherto tamed them:

Words that begged favor at his court in vain—
Lush adverbs, senile rhymes in tattered gowns—
Send notes to certain exiled nouns
And mutter openly against his reign.
While rouged clichés hang out red lights again,
Hoarse refugees report from far-flung towns
That exclamation-marks are running wild
And prowling half-truths carried off a child.

I'm interested in "impure" poetry, a poetry of idea content and of ethical and intellectual responsibility. Those who argue they can "objectively" derive esthetic beauty from the moral ugliness of anti-Semitic and Nazi poetry are, to use the excellent phrase of Archibald MacLeish, "The Irresponsibles." Ideas and values, masked or personified, are the heroes, villains, and agonisants of most of my poems. Unlike the arid didacticism of some eighteenth-century poetry of ideas, my ideas are presented not abstractly but sensuously: lyrical and philosophical at the same instant and in the very same metaphor. Lyricism teaches ideas to dance instead of plodding along like a Ph.D. thesis, as in "Incantation" from "Terror and Decorum":

Here abstractions have contours; here flesh is wraith;
On these cold and warming stones, only solidity throws no shadow.
Listen, when the high bells ripple the half-light:
Ideas, ideas, the tall ideas dancing.

Poets pretend to ignore their critics with lordly dandyism. In truth I've constantly learnt from hostile critics and am grateful to them for my most valuable revisions and deletions. I agree with Professor D. C. Allen's strictures in *Contemporary Poetry* for Spring 1949:

> This deliberate effort to ruin a poem . . . by what seems a consciously chosen unpoetic word or phrase is Viereck's main weakness as a poet. As there are scars that disfigure individual poems, so there are poems that disfigure the collection. I wish they had never been written or, having been written, destroyed. One can hope that the next collection will be smaller and more selective.

In turn, some of my non-hostile critics have succeeded in explicitly and consciously summarizing those of my working principles which I follow only implicitly and semi-consciously and am unable to summarize competently. An example of such summarizing is Louis Filler writing in the

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 804)

S. BARR:
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Don't Miss

EDUCATION NUMBER
SEPTEMBER 10th

▶ In its annual expanded treatment of problems in the field of education, the editors of *The Saturday Review* will present in the issue of September 10th, a series of articles, reviews and features in keeping with the high standard of past years.

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Spring 1949 Issue of the *Antioch Review:*

> What has not been sufficiently noted by those who have a corner on modern poetry is that this book may be read and enjoyed without any special key, and without serving any special novitiate. Mr. Viereck doesn't write down, or up; he simply writes as person to person. If there is any misunderstanding of meaning or intention, it is not because he has tried to create it.

Another example is Selden Rodman writing in *The Saturday Review* (Oct. 9, 1948):

> He is never trying to bait and hence is never deliberately elusive. Indeed, one of the qualities that make "Terror and Decorum" more of a *break with the Eliot-dominated past* than any recent book is this very passion to communicate. The soldiering has contributed to his verse as a whole its racy colloquialism and its sense of identity with ordinary people. Academic training has given him a working knowledge of the styles of a half dozen literatures and a familiarity with cross-references almost Joycean in scope. . . . Out of extreme complexity, simplicity. From sophistication beyond cleverness, innocence. In Shakespeare, Donne, Blake, Hopkins, the later Yeats, perhaps in all of the greatest poetry, it is the "formula" toward which Viereck, more than any contemporary poet, seems to be moving.

The above "formula" of a difficult simplicity, though unattainable for my practice, is the truest summary of the ideal behind all my "working principles."

There's an essential element I haven't discussed so far and am unable to define. Yet I am dedicated to it side by side with my classicism in a synthesis of antitheses. The title "Terror and Decorum," and lines like "What terror crowns the sweetness of all song?" formulate this dualism of what Nietzsche called the Dionysian and the Appolonian; also the dualism of the primordial "dark gods" of the unconscious and the more rational, civilized conscious mind. The creative tension of these antitheses is in the shiver of holy dread, the tragic exaltation which makes the hair stand on end and is the difference between poetry and verse. This night-side of art contains "more things between heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of" in the day-side of "your philosophy." What of the "culture-hero" role of the poet-as-magician? Uneasy lies the clown that wears a head, according to "A Walk on Snow," my only blank verse in "Terror and Decorum."

> Not priest but clown, the shuddering sorcerer
> Is more astounded than his rapt applauders:
> "Then all those props and Easters of my stage
> Came true? But I was joking all the time!"
> Art, being bartender, is never drunk;
> And magic that believes itself, must die. . . .
> Unfrocked magicians freeze the whole night long;
> Holy iambic can not thaw the snow
> They walk on when obsessive crystals bloom.

It's considered smart for poets to wince whenever any critic paraphrases their poems, as if an elephant were trampling on butterfly wings. The "heresy of paraphrase," as it is called, is supposedly an insult to the intelligence of the reader. I wish more poets would "heretically" heap insults on my intelligence by paraphrasing their double-crostics. Of course, paraphrase is helpful only when used not as a substitute for criticism but in conjunction with the other tools of criticism. By itself, paraphrase is inadequate because it gives only the What of a poem, not the How. But a lucid rendering of the What can usually throw a little more light on the How, form and content being inseparable. Even a little helps inasmuch as our new credo must be that communication is artistic, obscurity inartistic, and simplicity the first virtue.

The use of words like "heresy" in current criticism is typical. It is a hierarchical word, scorning the non-élite reader. It helps show how pontifical discussions of poetry have become since the triumph of the Eliotizing epigones. Eliot is a great poet who happens also to be a brilliantly self-contradictory critic. Not he so much as his ungreat imitators are to blame for the fact that their cult of his criticism and their accompanying cult of studied obscurity are stifling the growth of poetry today. Charming and velvet-gloved, this dictatorship is based not on coercion but on an ambiguous mixture of snobbism and real excellence.

Fresh air? No hope for that yet. Not until a new generation of poets and critics—honest enough not to crave praise from the precious, courageous enough not to fear the sarcasm of the pretentious—throws open the windows in the hermetic house.

WITH their tone of "we the mandarins," the "heresy"-scorning exquisites forbid anybody except crossword-puzzle decoders to get fun out of poetry, not to mention beauty. The poetry-murdering v o c a b u l a r y to which this has ultimately led is the "Glossary of the New Criticism" published in the issue of *Poetry* magazine for November-January 1948-49. Originally the New Criticism was a needed liberating revolution. It produced such masterpieces as Ransom's "Painted Head" and Tate's "Mediterranean." It freed our metrics from the sloppy, smug clichés of the nineteenth century. Today the New Criticism, already a very old criticism, has become a bar to further esthetic progress, producing nimble, imitative pedants and enslaving our metrics with its own twentieth-century clichés. Read a fresh and joyous poem like Ransom's "Armageddon"; then contemplate the "Glossary of the New Criticism." So doing, you will feel like an enthusiast of the early idealistic phase of the French Revolution contemplating the intolerant "Committee of Public Safety"—or, to draw a more accurate parallel, contemplating the dictatorship of the stale and unimaginative Directorate.

Every poet should read that unbelievably humorless "Glossary" to learn why too many years of brilliant nonsense have helped alienate the general public from poetry and its critics. No wonder all modern poetry is dismissed (unjustly) as a snore and an allusion by that audience of intelligent non-experts who are neither professional poets nor professional critics. It is precisely this lost audience to whom my own poetry is directed.

Such an audience can be seduced only temporarily by snob appeal or by acrobatics. It can be intimidated only temporarily by being told to admire—or else be damned as philistine—the poetic reputations created synthetically with an almost convincing air of authority by the too-clever-to-be-true jargon of coteries. Critics and poets will not win back the intelligent general reader until they speak to him humanly and clearly—in the truly classic sense—instead of more royally than the king, more classically than the Greeks, and more pontifically than any pope. This is the assumption on which all my poetry and criticism are written: "*En ceste foy*" (to recall the Villon refrain) "*je vueil vivre et mourir.*"

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the Phoenix Nest

DELAWARE COUNTY, 1949

UNDER gray water on the valley floor
Gray bass were waking and the wide lake stirred,
Spinning a pale gray filament of mist
For the white shuttle of the swallow's breast.

Where the long shoreline disappeared in fern,
Tin, quonset-shaped, the mailbox glinted, one
Shade paler than pond lilies in the sun
and the cold snake uncoiled upon its rock.

Old peeling rowboats chafed the rotted dock,
Rocking the sky in pools of last night's rain.
A haggard man bailed out, untied and drifted
Past stubborn slopes his hand had sown in vain.

In this harsh land there was no lawn, no park,
No gleam of orchard where the white mist lifted.
Only brave clover and a stray lobelia.
Yet on a backdrop, blue as bougainvillea

A wandering heron spread the double arc
Of her dark wings, then paused in southward travel
To sleep in reeds near an abandoned plough.

Yet here I heard your step upon the gravel
And the shrill magpie screaming from a bough.

—ROSALIND LEVINE

* * *

It is pleasing to know that two Bay Staters know The Bunny Stories (mentioned awhile ago by me as childhood favorites). First, on the impressive letterhead of the Governor's Office of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts I received a note from Orville S. Poland, saying:

> I have been married for thirty-two years and my wife says that she has never seen "The Bunny Book," and so I am sure it was never handed down to our children. Still the memory is green. Wasn't Cuddledown lost overnight and found through the heroism of Cousin Jack?
>
> Many incidents are hazy, but I seem to recall Tuffy Bear and his brother. Wasn't Tuffy reformed by the fine example set by the Bunnies? Again I have hazy memories of a hazardous boat ride in the

> rapids, being caught on a snag and finally rescued.
>
> My little sister was Cuddledown and I was Bunny Boy—although, to tell the truth, I thought him something of a prig.
>
> I probably last read "The Bunny Book" about 1895. It must have had something to have made such an impression.
>
> You are right, the cover was blue. Didn't it carry a white medallion of a bunny in profile?

I am sure it did, and I now remember Tuffy Bear myself! And here is Mrs. Donald B. Logan of Restalrig, Friendship, Me., telling me about the Jewetts:

> While reading the *SRL* of June 18 I was interested and delighted to come upon your recalling of The Bunny Stories by John H. Jewett, for those stories are stored in a special niche of my childhood memories.
>
> At the time they were written Mr. Jewett was on the staff of the *Evening Gazette* of Worcester, Mass., and I am sure that no Worcester house was complete without the blue-covered book with the big white bunny on its cover.
>
> Mr. Jewett's daughter Sheila, for whom the stories were written, attended the same dancing class that I did and I was one of the very fortunate children invited to her birthday parties. Of these parties I recall two special delights: one that the ice-cream was always topped with or surrounded by spun sugar which we called "old man's hair"; the other, that Mr. Jewett always wrote a special bunny story for the occasion, and read it dramatically to his enchanted audience.
>
> Soon after Sheila's early childhood, the Jewett family moved from Worcester, and I have not heard of them since, I regret to say, but they are still a very distinct and charming memory which I want to thank you for calling to mind.

* * *

breakfast with gertrude
(or a rhyme for orange)

an orange is an orange is an orange or
was the last I knew
and I prefer a well-filled porringer
the oranges are for you

—RACHEL VELMA PROUTY.

* * *

WORDS OUT OF ORDER
DO NOT A POEM MAKE

I and the Persians*
Scorn all inversions
Like "So a man he hired."

What could be worse
Than brisk modern verse
Archaically attired?

It violates my sense
Of poetic license
Which long ago expired.

—DOROTHY B. GRISWOLD.

* Omar Khayyám's as rabid as I am.

* * *

Henry Harrison started publishing poetry many years ago. He edited *The Greenwich Village Quill* (1926-1929) and *Poetry World* (1929-1944), as well as numerous anthologies. He will now act as poetry consultant for the new firm of Harrison House, established by his ex-wife, Gertrude Harrison, and will design and produce books for the company. Its offices are at 35 South William St., New York 4. Mr. Harrison's taste in the past in poetry seems to the NEST to have been catholic in the extreme. All sorts and conditions of verse were published by him. We know no more about the present venture than is stated above.

* * *

The second annual announcement of Poetry Awards, 1949-50, asks us to note "the new and larger book award for our second year." Rather than take the space here to explain to you about Poetry Awards, you are requested, if interested, to write for information to Poetry Awards, 1420 East Mountain St., Pasadena 7, Calif., for information, mentioning this department.

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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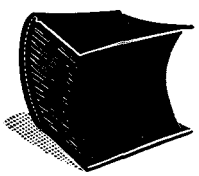
NEW EDITIONS

THE selection of Lionel Trilling as editor of "The Portable Matthew Arnold" (Viking Press, $2) was an ideal choice, for Mr. Trilling's critical study of Arnold is—as recently noted here—one of the jewels of American criticism. He begins his capital introduction to the present volume with the assertion that "of the literary men of the great English nineteenth century there are few who have stayed quite so fresh, so immediate, and so relevant as Matthew Arnold," and this statement is fully justified by the six hundred and more pages of poetry and prose that follow. Arnold is fresh and immediate and relevant because his predicament is ours—he merely knew it a little earlier.



The sea of faith may be even further from flood-tide than it was when he looked out from Dover Beach, but exact measurements are unimportant. We wander between two worlds, as he did, for the one which was powerless to be born in his day is still so. Empedocles on Etna—incapable of living by the philosophy which he pressed on Pausanias—is our contemporary as well as Arnold's. Social and political problems, which he knew in their early stages, are with us yet, and yet unsolved. He knew in seed much that we know in flower, and he foresaw much that we see. He is the father of many living literary critics, and the superior of almost all his children. A "great continuator and transmitter of the tradition of humanism," as Mr. Trilling says, he is also founder of the faith—which claims eminent adherents—that modern poetry should be "a complete magister vitae."

In the pages of "The Portable Milton" (Viking, $2) a far greater voice than Arnold's speaks to us across a far greater distance; but it is still a voice for our times, because it is a voice for all times. Douglas Bush, whose qualifications as an editor of Milton match those of Mr. Trilling as an editor of Arnold, gives us the three major poems and as many of the minor poems as most persons will wish to have, along with selections from the prose, including "Areopagitica" complete. (His translations from the Latin of the "Second Defence," by the way, may make some readers, impatient with the poet's own prosaic involvements, wish that he could have performed a similar operation on Milton's English papers.) Recognizing his duty to those who may come to Milton with eager interest but with no great store of learning, Mr. Bush sensibly spends a liberal portion of his fine introduction on explanations of "religious and philosophic assumptions which were once a general possession but have largely vanished from the modern consciousness."

Along the sources from which Arnold drew light and inspiration, Mr. Trilling names "The Bhagavadgita." Anyone who has ever tried to understand this immortal work without the aid of adequate explanatory notes will seize with joy and enlightenment upon the edition of it prepared by S. Radhakrishnan (Harper, $3.50). In addition to a long and lucid introductory essay, this volume gives a transliteration of the Sanskrit original, followed, verse by verse, by a prose translation and glosses on important words and phrases. No method of interpretation and instruction could be more effective.

Hardly less valuable to a reader (save that it does not contain the Sanskrit) is the first volume of Swami Nikhilananda's new English version of "The Upanishads" (Harper, $3.50), which presents and elucidates the Katha, Isa, Kena, and Mundaka Upanishads. I cannot recommend these books too strongly to those who would explore the profound wells of Hindu wisdom and belief.

When we come on the name of John Milton, senior, it is usually only as the father of his son; but in "The English Madrigal Composers" (Oxford Press, $5), by E. H. Fellowes, he exists in his own right as a skilful musician who flourished in the golden age of English song. This volume is a scholarly and authoritative work, of interest to students in its special field, and to those who would revive a once popular art form. . . . J. A. Hobson's "Imperialism: A Study" (Macmillan, $3) provides much valuable background information regarding the stages by which England, and some other Western nations, have arrived at their present unhappy plight. . . . Irwin Edman's intelligent, limpid "Arts and the Man" is a notable new Mentor Book (35¢).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 805

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS

A. American lawyer and diplomat, ambassador to Britain, 1899-1905 (full name).

B. New York mayor and governor, defeated as candidate for the Presidency by Madison (first name).

C. Inclined to utter faint, shrill sounds like a young bird.

D. Conceded as true.

E. Turns over and over in the mind.

F. So. African antelope, with form and habits of the chamois.

G. Form of literature in which Milton wrote "On His Blindness."

H. Policy of action at once, as in the abolition of slavery in the U. S.

I. To keep afloat during a storm (naut.; 2 wds.).

J. Act of transforming something common into something precious.

K. English-born American sculptor (1816-1879).

L. A point or cape (Malay).

WORDS

179 111 41 70 153 156 108 16 61 175 42 101

66 165 10 17 71 162

58 29 91 27 102 114

98 80 110 119 24 13 133 125

3 177 69 82 44 164 126 28

62 121 49 94 137 84

117 37 87 57 30 103

1 18 106 157 97 89 5 19 187 105 170

21 171 132 113 33 107 122

86 32 99 161 131 39 155

65 68 158 74 141 83

188 169 168 92 152 166 186

DEFINITIONS

M. American educator (1883-; chancellor N. Y. Univ. since 1933; full name).

N. Not fully developed; immature.

O. German Benedictine nun, poet, chronicler (tenth century).

P. Boorish; ungracious.

Q. City in Siberia, Soviet Russia, on the Irtish River.

R. Ballet by French composer Delibes.

S. "Affair" in 1911, causing European international crisis by Germany.

T. Applied to a noted primer, printed in Boston about 1690.

U. Is removed severally by death (2 wds.).

V. Because of; caused by (2 wds.).

W. Jaundiced.

X. New York City philanthropist who gave the stadium to the C. C. N. Y.

Y. Noted poem by Goethe, set to music by Schubert (Ger. sp.; preceded by "Der").

WORDS

36 11 138 31 124 144 100 109 64 23 47

52 129 2 146 56 15 120 143 173

26 20 116 50 148 151 48 75

34 55 78 127 123 176

43 85 9 35

96 104 145 38 128

95 150 115 54 167 142

79 7 140 14 149 130 172 154 112 134

6 184 40 76 93 60 46

183 81 45 12 67 136 180

181 4 88 118 77 63 163 182

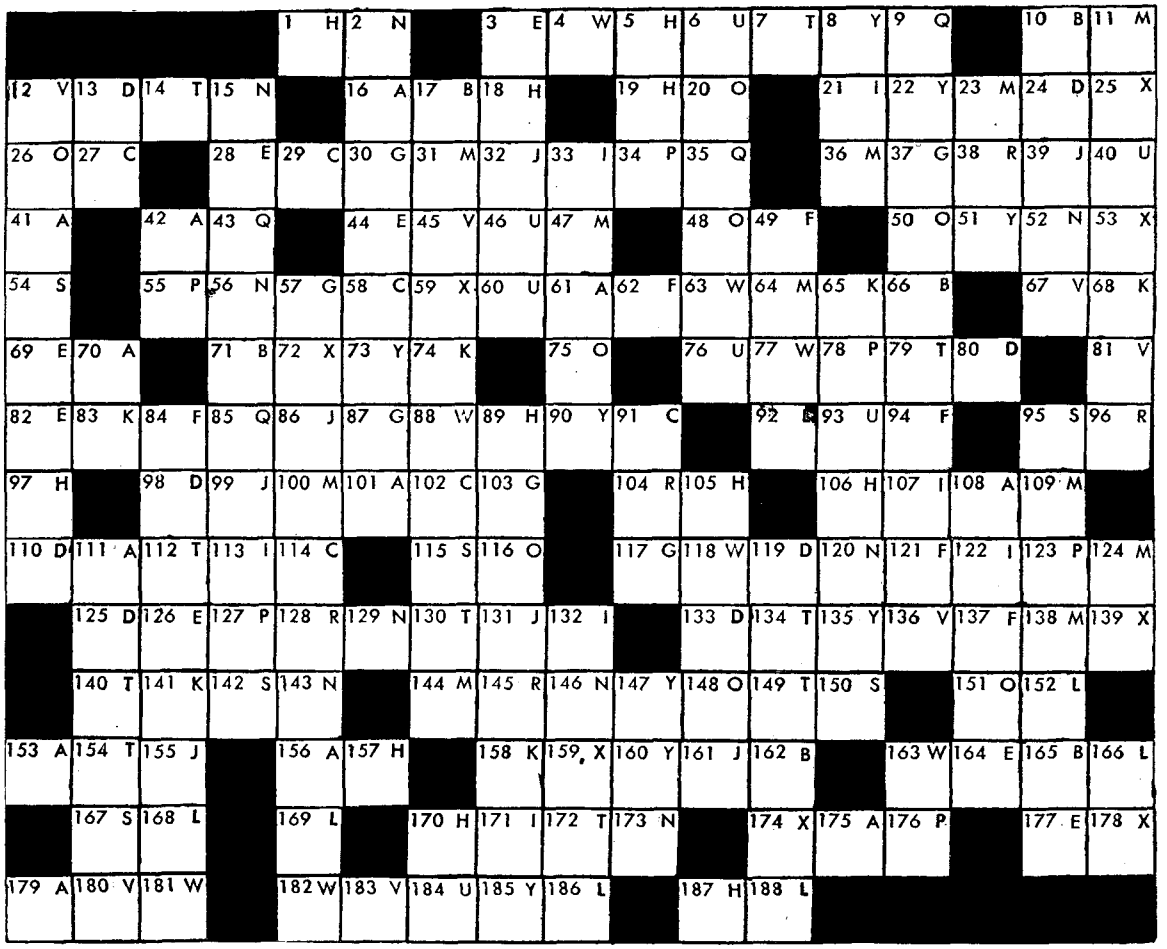
53 59 174 159 139 25 72 178

22 8 147 90 51 73 185 135 160

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



AUGUST 27, 1949

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 35 of this issue.

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SRL RECORDINGS SECTION

IMPRESSIONS

THE Collegiate Competition having provoked a welcome response from the campus phonophiles, the editor promises to show the results therefrom in the next issue of RECORDINGS. The identity of the winner is not yet known, even to me: but from the supply of promising manuscripts in hand one will be finally selected in the next week or so (following appearance of this issue) and the winner notified well in advance of publication.

In addition there has been submitted a sufficient variety of interesting articles to cover several of the fields in which RECORDINGS regularly investigates—popular music, connoisseur material, technical phases of reproduction, Dixieland, and bop—for us to present virtually a whole issue (aside from our regular departments) contributed by college undergraduates. It is our plan thus to present this material, as a cross-section not only of what collegiates are thinking on a subject meriting the main award, but also in the whole varied aspect of phonographic activity. These will be paid for, of course, at customary rates.

As a forecast of how that material may run, it has been interesting for the editor to discover, in reading these manuscripts, that less concern was evidenced in obtaining the records of past performers—those known today by repute and the phonograph only, and in these days of large cut-out lists, mostly by repute, such as Schorr and Rachmaninoff, Sigrid Onegin and Cortot—than in obtaining records in general. The conflict in speeds, the indecision of methods have caused as much concern on the campus as elsewhere, perhaps even more. Students may perhaps not be grouped in FDR's famous one-third of a nation ("ill-housed, ill-fed, ill-clothed") but they function in quarters that are temporary to the extent of being changed at yearly intervals, if not oftener; space is at a premium, and storage areas even more critical. What this produces in the way of problems can be imagined—and specifically observed next month. Whether the college student represents a market large enough for the manufacturer to be seriously concerned about him may be open to question, but the fact is evident, from this response, that he ought to be.

IRVING KOLODIN,
Editor, SRL RECORDINGS

SEPTEMBER 1949

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OTHER ORMANDY FAVORITES ...

A HANDEL-CORELLI CONCERT—Handel: Water Music—Suite (arr. by Ormandy); Handel: Concerto for Orchestra in D Major (arr. by Ormandy); Corelli-Pinelli: Suite for String Orchestra. **The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor... ML2054**

Prokofiev: Scythian Suite, Op. 20; **Respighi:** Feste Romane (Roman Festivals) (Poema Sinfonico). **The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor..... ML4142**

A PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA PROGRAM—Glinka: Russian and Ludmilla—Overture; Weber: Invitation to the Dance, Op. 65; Weber: Der Freischutz—Overture, Op. 77; Weinberger; Schwanda—Polka and Fugue. **The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor... ML2043**

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The Saturday Review of Recordings

Five Decades of Schönberg

PETER YATES

SEPTEMBER 13 of this year the composer Arnold Schönberg will be seventy-five years old. His career as a composer of public reputation began with the appearance of the string sextet "Transfigured Night" in 1899. Although this career has not ended with the publication this year of "Three Choruses on Sixteenth-Century Folksongs" and the completion of a "Fantasy" for violin with piano accompaniment, it has arrived at the time of ultimate simplicity that goes beyond the resources of contemporary argument. Whoever disagrees with the art of Schönberg disagrees with what it has been in the past; whoever agrees with this art in the present accepts the past as one body indivisibly united with it.

To say so much is to locate Schönberg among the masters of his art, without regard to period. One cannot pick and choose among his masterpieces, saying here he was better and here worse. Somewhere along the line one's ability to comprehend or to accept the latest aspect of his development may have failed. One does not return with renewed comprehension to say that one understands the works of his old age as one enjoys those of his youth, claiming to discover a false direction or purpose in the years between. That curious controversy over the evolution of Stravinsky, which tries to relate the compositions of his maturity for better or worse with those of his prodigious youth, does not occur among the admirers and detractors of Schönberg. His admirers are seldom disappointed by the first hearing of his newest composition; his detractors are invariably baffled.

The general public, having had as yet small opportunity to appreciate his music or set each of his productions in its historical context, has never chosen to ignore them. The art of Schönberg, difficult and abstruse as it still seems in the public mind, and reasonably so, is now recognized in all climates of opinion as one of those

Schönberg in 1905—"an' idiomatic consistency, a morality, an ethos."

fundamental occurrences of science, history, and esthetics that determine future events. Like dialectical materialism, psychoanalysis, relativity, and the later writings of James Joyce, this art ineradicably and finally exists.

Knowledge of these matters is not necessary to a good or profitable living. One can make a fortune and not have heard of Joyce or Schönberg; one can rule a nation and be unaware of them. Yet the entire acceptance without partiality of such new massively radical attitudes of thought by a few minds throughout the world begins a new era of commonplace, a new set of things as they are, a new practical conservatism. Out of the still revolutionary way of thought emerges an idiomatic consistency, a morality, an ethos which will not be controverted.

What in the large is the accomplishment that lies between "Transfigured Night" and the "Fantasy" for violin? The German-Viennese tradition, more than a hundred years old when Schönberg was born, comes to an end in him, since both his chief Viennese contemporaries and pupils, Anton von Webern and Alban Berg, are dead. By an historic circumstance this tradition has now been bodily lifted up and carried across the ocean into a new continent. Into several continents, rather, for though Schönberg and his pupils continue among us the analytical tradition of an art with meaning, disciples in many countries express his technical authority.

German-Viennese tradition is affirmed by Schönberg in his First Quartet (1905) built with the extended melody of Schubert upon the structure of Beethoven. The cross-pollination with French figurative coloring and Italian melodic clarity, by which the trunk of Germanic introversion produces a more shapely and luxuriously textured bloom, occurred not where one might expect to find it in the symphonic poem "Pelleas and Melisande" (1903) but in the fragrant and lyrical Second String Quartet (1908), the translucent atmosphere of "Pierrot Lunaire" (1912). In spite of these influences, the second decade of Schönberg's career begins with the radically German First Chamber Symphony, written in 1906 but first performed, before a noisily hostile audience, in 1909. The "Theory of Harmony," published in 1911, completes the first stage of a revolution in the understanding and the use of tone. Its consequence is the organization of the twelve-tone technique.

THE third decade of Schönberg's creative career opens with the first musical application of this technique, developing through the dynamic "Dance Suite" for piano and the ornamental pedantry of the Wind Quintet to the definitive achievements of the Suite for Clarinets, Strings, and Piano and the Third Quartet. This is the formally demanding period, when Schönberg, voluntarily cutting himself off from the larger public, composed within the framework of his Society for Private Musical Performances in

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—Bettmann Archive

Alban Berg—"a German-Viennese tradition comes to an end."

Vienna. It is to the music of this period that the more friendly musician or critic refers when he speaks of the composer having gone beyond the sphere of comprehensible art into a private world of his own making. Yet the very achieved difficulty of the Third String Quartet makes it, in my opinion, the central masterpiece of the first five decades of twentieth-century music.

DURING the last two decades Schönberg has continued working upon the high plateau of his technical maturity. The occasional appearance during these years of a new work with key signature has been seized upon by his detractors as an admission of theoretical defeat and by half-hearted admirers as an excuse for compromise. Schönberg does not write to be difficult, but he makes no concessions. Like Berg and Bartok he has explored the use of tonality within the formal method of the twelve-tone technique. For his purposes the technical control of consonance is no less important than the "liberation of the dissonance." Twelve-tone technique does not exclude consonance or tonality but uses them as only one of several possible methods of tonal organization within its formal principles.

Among the most significant of the later compositions, each marking a further stage in his progress from the Viennese traditions towards a new style growing out of the classical limitations of the twelve-tone technique, are the Fourth Quartet, the Violin and Piano Concertos, and the String Trio (1946).

The two latter works are the ultimate simplicity of Schönberg's art. Without heaviness, though concise and packed, ethereal yet dynamic, resonant with silences as with new blendings of instrumental qualities, they fall upon the ear like the last music of Bach, beginning and ending in one breath. Intellectual they may be, as the last art of Bach is intellectual, avoiding the charms of coloring and of artificial climax; the tone and rhythm penetrate to the innermost recesses of emotional reserve. In them one hears again the persistence, the self-sustaining architecture, the inseparable concern with meaning that are, in spite of every ghastly German failing, the worth and the enduring substance of German thought.

Many competent admirers of Schönberg's music claim that it lacks rhythm. Except the orotund passages of "Transfigured Night" and a later appearance of the same style in the variations of the First Quartet, the charge is incorrect. Schönberg uses the rhythmical complex of classical German music, a taut elastic rubato over a strict beat. As some Bach players tend to mark the beat at the expense of the rubato, some Schönberg players, possibly for technical reasons, emphasize the rubato at the expense of the beat. This is not true, however, of the Kolisch recordings of the string quartets, made in 1937 for private distribution but not yet issued for public sale.

Schönberg's awareness of this difficulty caused him to eliminate so many pauses and retards from "Pierrot Lunaire" that the performing time under his direction was by his own estimate reduced about one-third. In recent years he has preferred an increasingly rapid, taut tempo for nearly all music. Although the earlier works in many cases allow a colored rather than dynamic performance, the abstract formal compositions beginning with the First Chamber Symphony require a decisively controlled rhythm. Lack of such control in the playing makes them more difficult to hear and provokes the justifiable notion that so-called atonal music is likewise arhythmical or at least insecurely rhythmed.

The five decades of accomplishment are now ending, and Schönberg is still with us. His seventy-fifth birthday deserves to be celebrated, not with empty fanfares of critical praise, but by carefully prepared, enthusiastic playing of his music. That is how we are preparing to celebrate his birthday in Los Angeles. Here, where since he came to live among us more of his music has been performed than in any other city, Schönberg is finding the all-absorbed acceptance of devoted listening that is no longer prophecy but proof of long endurance.

Peter Yates, founder of the Evenings on the Roof chamber concerts in Los Angeles, has arranged the performance of many compositions by Arnold Schönberg as well as three entire programs of his music. Contrary to a previous statement in this magazine, Mr. Yates is not a pupil of Schönberg.

Schönberg Discography

CONSIDERING the recorded representation of such a contemporary as Stravinsky, the Schönberg discography is lean to the point of being almost meager. For this there are plainly historic reasons, of which most are adducible from the accompanying article. However, it is no solace to those who can't hear the "Five Orchestral Pieces" in actual performance to be deprived as well of the phonographic assistance available for works of much less intrinsic worth. Perhaps we can look to the new European sources for the enterprise lacking in domestic circles—though it is the latter which have given us the three major works presently available anywhere. With the Nazi "verboten" on Schönberg a thing of the past, and with the current vogue of twelve-tone composition in France, the studios across the ocean may already have turned their attention toward this neglected composer.

* * *

GURRELIEDER: *Stokowski directing the Philadelphia Orchestra with chorus and soloists.* (RCA Victor album 127.)

PIERROT LUNAIRE: *Erika Stiedry-Wagner, with instrumental ensemble directed by the composer.* (Columbia album 461.)

VERKLARTE NACHT: *Vladimir Golschmann conducting the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra.* (RCA Victor album 1005.)

SIX LITTLE PIANO PIECES: *Jesús María Sanromá.* (RCA Victor 15862, unavailable at present.)

SIX STRING QUARTETS: *Kolisch Quartet.* (Privately Recorded.)

My acute recollection of the Kolisch performance of the quartets inclines me to believe that they were quite as good as the average contemporary quartet recording, for they were carefully made, in the late Thirties, by Hollywood sound technicians at the instigation, I believe, of Alfred Newman. Thus, if the enterprise is lacking to underwrite large-scale orchestral works, it might be worth the consideration of a large company—preferably one with Long Playing affections—to dub these works for commercial issue for the first time.

—I. K.

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Looking Backwards— Conchita Supervia

IT WOULD seem that Spain holds a particular fascination for those who have never set foot south of the Pyrenees. We all know of the composers, French and Italian, who have celebrated Spain *in absentia*, avoiding the tangible land lest its mundane self belie the sorcery of its music. Yet for every one composer there must be a thousand listeners whose pulses quicken at the mere thought of anything Iberian, to whom the rhythm of a jota, a fandango, a habanera spells an elusive enchantment.

To such apostles the records of Conchita Supervia are among the greatest joys which the phonograph has bestowed. The mezzo-soprano, whose life ended so tragically and so prematurely in 1936, embodies that which we regard as the quintessence of the Spanish temperament: passion, volatility, verve, and—above all—a somberness, a murkiness of utterance which underlies all she essays. Unfortunately, and inexplicably, it is in the domain of Spanish music that Supervia is today most scantily represented on records. The Spanish Odeon catalogue probably retains the little songs, such as "Clavelitos" and "Ay-Ay-Ay," which Supervia performs with such graceful and lilting perfection—but, since some impenetrable barrier stands between Spain and the avid discophile across the ocean, this does us no good. English Parlophone, our only current source of Supervia waxings, has not seen fit to list "trivia" of this order in their current catalogue. But we must take our blessings as they come and commend this company for keeping available two important recordings made by the singer in England shortly before her death: Manuel de Falla's "Seven Popular Spanish Songs" and the song cycle "Tonadillas" by Granados.

The Falla set, Supervia's most celebrated recording, remains one of those definitive interpretations for which a reasonable facsimile is unthinkable. The three records offer the gamut of Supervia's amazing range, from her nasal top notes to those deep, startling chest tones which so resemble the quality of a male voice. Here it might be well to mention the objections of some purists to Supervia's tremolo. Or should we have said vibrato? Devotees of bel canto can argue the definition of the two terms endlessly without getting further than that a vibrato is pleasant, a tremolo unpleasant. Whatever the definition, the objections—though perhaps well founded from a strictly pedagogical standpoint—are quite meaningless when viewed in the light of Supervia's total accomplishment. We should hesitate to underwrite a "wobble" of this magnitude in most singers; with Supervia it is so much a part of her style, so integral a facet of her interpretations, so electrifying in power and brutality that to deny its artistic validity would be to follow directly in the footsteps of Beckmesser. For the collector who wishes to sample the art of Supervia, for those who love Spanish rhythms and the sound of Spanish consonants, indeed, for anyone who aspires to a collection of recorded masterpieces, this album of Falla songs is a necessity.

Of Supervia's several Rossini recordings there is less cause for superlatives. Here the character of the music, so alien to our concept of expressive vocal writing, stands in the way of untempered admiration. Perhaps the Swan of Pesaro can still win converts; perhaps all those roulades and cadenzas, the agile shakes, the strategically placed crescendos add up, for some, to a satisfying esthetic experience. This listener confesses that he can enjoy these arias only as period pieces. What is more, Supervia's Rossini records evidence the singer's one shortcoming: which is a tendency to pile one vocal effect upon the other with little or no respite. However unerringly she shapes the contours of a phrase (and Supervia bows to none as an instinctive musician), however artfully she varies the coloration of each word, there is an intensity to some of her work, an unremitting barrage of vocal hortatory which cannot help in time but weary the listener. One longs, every so often, for a valley better to survey the peaks. Half a dozen Rossini discs are extant in the Parlophone catalogue ("Una voce poco fa" among them), of which each pays about equal musical dividends.

—Culver Service.

Conchita Supervia — "the quintessence of the Spanish temperament."

There remain the records of "Carmen." It has been called the perfect opera, and certainly its vitality and power of expression manage to survive the most insipid of performances. Imagine, then, how "Carmen" flourishes in the hands of an interpreter whose vocal prowess and command of the Spanish idiom is such as Supervia's. Happily, she has recorded every important aria and duet from the opera, and Parlophone has obliged by maintaining them all in the catalogue. Made in France some two decades ago, these records yet stand as touchstones for the role. Who else has sung the Act II "Chanson bohème" with such subtle flexibility of tempo, such superb mastery of rhythm? It was Wanda Landowska, no mean practitioner of the art herself, who said that Conchita Supervia's feeling for rhythm was of an unsurpassed virtuosity.

The quality of recording? These articles will make a wide detour around any questions of technical achievement. Great recorded performances are not to be measured in terms of decibels or frequency response. Given the basic aural ingredients and an interpretation of genius, a receptive ear will piece out the rest.

Let me end on a philosophical note. A strong temptation exists among any record devotee to overvalue the work of a departed artist. One grows up with a record and it becomes assimilated. We cherish a long-familiar record and leap to its defense. This is all very well so long as we do not, at the same time, shut our ears to new musical experiences and differing interpretations. I hope this series never indulges in the foolish notion that "such singing (or conducting or playing) will never be heard again." Great artistry is not limited to yesteryear. And just to set the proper note, I shall mention a young, contemporary Spanish singer whose records are every bit as exciting as Supervia's. Her name is Victoria de los Angeles, and she records for HMV. Hispanophiles, take notice!

—ROLAND GELATT.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This series is to be continued at irregular intervals.*

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Reviews of the Month

This would indeed be a summer of discontent were we dependent on American sources only for material; but the dribble from these plus the freshet from others amounts to a near flood. Kodaly's "Dances from Galanta" will interest many, as will the "Good Friday Spell" and Dvorak's "American" Quartet on London LP. Special attention may be directed to the Raphael Arie "Death of Boris" on page 56, also to Munch's "Danse Macabre."

Boom in Sibelius

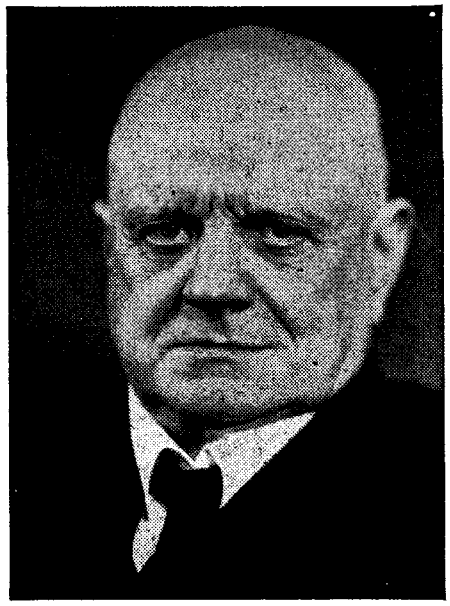
SIBELIUS: *Symphony No. 1 in E minor. Tor Mann conducting the Stockholm Radio Orchestra.* (Capitol-Telefunken album 8020, $7.25.)

SIBELIUS: *"Tapiola." Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.* (RCA Victor set 1311, $2.50.)

What ever became of the Sibelius vogue? In its cosmic aspects it was largely an American—perhaps it would be better said, a Boston—phenomenon, radiating therefrom by disc and air to the subordinate centers of symphonic culture. I may be tempting fate by saying that I can't remember when the last Sibelius set came from Koussevitzky—there'll probably be three in the morning mail—but it is significant of that lag in interest that the Doctor's gala season at Tanglewood this year included no work (even an itty-bitty one) of the Finnish Franck.

It might be thought that Capitol would be invading a clogged market in producing another version of a work once as popular as the Sibelius No. 1, but it is an oddity confirmed by the reference books that there are currently but two versions of this work in circulation (three if one counts a duplicated Ormandy, the old Minneapolis still available in England) and these are both American in origin (Ormandy - Philadelphia, Barbirolli-Philharmonic). I find too, in re-reading some old comparisons, that the good, sound, energetic work of Tor Mann is more in the spirit of the old Kajanus issue than those of domestic origin—the spirit of modesty and unpretentiousness in which the home folks view Sibelius, rather than the "significance" attributed to him by *auslanders*. There is a good deal of virtue in the recording, also, though this orchestra has not too much inherent brilliance. The scherzo is rather weak, tonally, but I can listen to the whole of it with more pleasure than to the gesturesome Ormandy.

As a replacement for the Koussevitzky "Tapiola" of early 1942, this Beecham may be somewhat premature, for that was a brilliant exposition of the score, and a master recording for its time. Needless to say, the orchestra is more nearly itself in this contemporary version, and Beecham's view of the score is both penetrating and sympathetic. However, I'd rather have his "Don Quixote" of Strauss than this.



—Finnish National Travel Office.

Jan Sibelius — "the spirit of modesty and unpretentiousness."

The Galanta of Kodaly

KODALY: *"Dances from Galanta." Victor de Sabata conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.* (Deutsche Grammophon album 12, $6.)

What went on in Berlin in 1939 during the visit of De Sabata, which resulted in the present set and the one of Respighi's "Feste Romane" discussed last month, may be clarified when the Italian maestro visits us for his concerts here next fall; but it is plainly apparent that the German technicians produced their most talented microphones and choicest wax for their Axis guest. As the "Feste Romane" was a remarkable example of reproduction in the first issue of Deutsche Grammophon reissues, so these two discs are outstanding among the second batch.

Those who have overlooked the Fiedler - Boston "Pops" version of these spirited and artfully arranged dances (of itself a superior example of American recording methods, in RCA Victor album 834) will find, in De Sabata's more personalized treatment, music which shares some of the characteristics of the Liszt and Enesco rhapsodies without being exactly like either. Its tziganeries are deeper, of a more passionate character, its gaiety less abandoned.

To a degree, this may be just the impact of De Sabata on the music, for he seems that shrewd kind of conductor who attempts—in the spotlight glare of the phonograph, at least—nothing for which he does not have an active flair, a creative understanding. Here he commands wonderfully rich and plastic playing from the Berliners in a virtuoso performance of the Mengelberg or Stokowski emphasis and brilliance. The recording will support comparison with the very best of today.

A Bizet Riddle

BIZET: *Symphony in C. Artur Rodzinski conducting the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.* (Columbia LP ML 2051, $3.85.)

It is not our custom to revalue, at length, reappearances on long playing discs of works already in the catalogues, but I have had so much pleasure from a rehearing of this work in its present performance that I feel inclined to underscore it for those to whom it may be a novelty. Certainly there is no other symphonic music in the month's issue which has a like degree of freshness and charm.

Though few of us conceive Bizet as a youthful prodigy in the sense of a Mendelssohn or a Schubert (omitting Mozart, for whom there is no parallel) it is a fact that this work of his seventeenth year is teeming with a musicality, a control of his craft no less exceptional. Why it was not immediately performed while he was a student at the Paris Conservatory, none of his biographers can tell us. That it waited until 1935 for its world premiere (under the direction of Felix Weingartner in Basle) is a further element in a riddle which appears to have no solution.

Bizet's able biographer Martin Cooper sees in the first movement the influence of Beethoven, in the second Mozart and Rossini. I agree with these, but find still more potent the likeness of Schubert, especially in that same second movement which

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rises to a lyric exaltation rare indeed in the works of others than those commonly considered the most "inspired" composers: Mozart, Haydn, Schubert, Chopin. Again, the trio of the scherzo has that alternation of melodic and rhythmic phrases which seems to me characteristically Schubertian. Likewise the second theme of the finale.

However this may be, it is certainly an addition to the symphonic repertory of rare delight, and Rodzinski's performance is one of the most appropriate, skilful, and surehanded he has ever given us. Moreover, the playing shows the really amazing organization the Philharmonic was under his direction, while the recording is exceeded by few LP's for the crispness, balance, and articulation of all the elements involved. I'd like to say more, but I can't add anything to this catalogue of praise.

LP's from London

WAGNER: *"Good Friday Spell" ("Parsifal"); Prelude and "Love Death" ("Tristan and Isolde"). Clemens Krauss conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.* (London LP 14, $5.95.)

DVORAK: *Quartet in F ("American"). Griller Quartet.* (London LP 4, $5.95.)

To have either of these standard repertory works in performances of ffrr technical excellence would be a privilege; to have them, as well, in understanding interpretations on long-playing discs is a consummation for which we have wished these many months. By a fortunate coincidence, they duplicate nothing in Columbia's list—though others of London's initial issue do—and are thus absolute additions to the growing repertory of continuous music.

The first question in most listeners' minds will be, I imagine, how do these compare with London's own standards; and, thereafter, how do they compare with Columbia's LP's? Candor compels the admission that there is a small but appreciable decline in quality, though the results are of the same *order*. The tone is not so consistently suave and opulent, the climaxes are more astringent than in the best ffrr. Moreover, there are crackles from the surface instead of the barely perceptible swish of the English shellac.

This leaves them, however, inferior only to the very best Columbia LP's, the equal of most and the superior of all but a few. Considered as an initial venture, against two standards that were the product of much trial and error, I think they represent a striking accomplishment. Certainly if one had never heard either ffrr or LP they would be considered miraculous. One word of warning seems in order: they require a bit more pressure on the point than the *minimum* that suffices for Columbia. On most pickups this can be achieved by adjustment of a spring, on others by adding a bit of weight externally.

Evaluated purely as performances, they compare impressively with the best available of any of the music involved. I have not heard Furtwängler's "Good Friday Spell" recently enough to have much recollection of its detail, but the Krauss performance is a calm, deeply moving one, certainly the superior of the recent Koussevitzky or any American predecessor. Moreover, the London Philharmonic plays beautifully for him, and the oboe—surely it is Leon Goossens—is especially fine. His Prelude and "Liebestod" are similarly in the restrained, consecutive vein.

As for the Grillers' Dvorak, it is, in totality, the best there is—including in that estimate a recorded definition superior to the Budapest, if an execution not quite so ruggedly individualistic (assuming, of course, that one regards that as indispensable in a work labeled "American" here, though "Nigger" abroad). This has its compensation in the lento, which is deftly, delicately played, with a composure more appealing than the exaggeration some quartets permit themselves.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Bruckner's Eighth

BRUCKNER: *Symphony No. 8. Eugen Jochum conducting the Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra.* (Deutsche Grammophon album 17, $28.50.)

Elsewhere in this issue the editor has commented upon an influx of music by Marschner, Flotow, and company recently arrived from Germany on records. It was concluded that though charity rightfully begins at home it had better sometimes also stay at home; moreover, that an out-and-out dullard remains a dullard no matter how exquisitely performed or meticulously recorded.

Is Anton Bruckner yet another native son who has been inflicted upon us by well-intentioned but poorly-advised propagandists? The question in this instance is not so easily answered. Certainly, only a prejudiced ear could fail to detect virtues in such a work as the Eighth Symphony, which has just come to us on records from Hamburg. The second movement, with its sparkling, deftly orchestrated scherzo and its vaulting trio, is as concise, meaningful, and well-integrated a piece of writing as one could desire. And if the outer movements have little to recommend them (here Bruckner tries to make momentous symphonic fare out of nondescript material), there are undeniable nuggets in the long, swelling adagio—though what total effect this slow movement provides must depend on the listener's capacity to put himself at the disposal of Bruckner's sluggish manner of exposition.

Yet granted all these individual excellences, the work as a whole adds up to an amorphous and chaotic lump of sound. After putting myself at Bruckner's disposal for the three hours which two playings of his symphony require, I confess to have been appalled anew at the composer's ponderous, prolix style of musical expression, at his lamentable weakness in organization. Bernard Shaw once took Schubert to task for the utter mindlessness of his symphonic writing. He would have done better to save his strictures for Bruckner, the composer who once advised Felix Weingartner to cut what he wanted from a movement because "it might be too long."

For the recording *qua* recording there can be only praise. Jochum and the Hamburg Philharmonic play this music with full respect for its traditions and an obvious awareness of its many beauties. The recording was made in February of this year and demonstrates the extent to which German orchestras have recovered their former estate. It shows, too, that the Deutsche Grammophon engineers are still in the vanguard of high-fidelity phonograph reproduction.

—ROLAND GELATT.

—By Heinrich Gröber, from Bettmann Archive.

Caricature of Bruckner receiving ovation —when Brahms saw it "he died laughing."

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Recordings Reports on Classical Releases

See Page 57 for Pop Report

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach, J. C.: Sinfonie in B. Walther Gmeindl and the Städtisches Orchestra of Berlin. Deutsche Grammophon album 7, $6.	For those enamored of either old recording by Mengelberg, this will be more a promise than a fulfilment. It is an improvement in audibility over either the old Philharmonic or Concertgebouw versions, but nothing more than a stop-gap interpretation. Gmeindl seems to be aware of the Mengelberg model, for his performance is in the latter's footsteps without filling his shoes. No special merit in the recording (1940) either, for it is just about average in resonance and fidelity.
Bellini: Opening Chorus "Norma." Ezio Pinza, bass, with Fausta Cleva conducting Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and chorus. Columbia 72826, $1.	Full-throated sound from Pinza, in a part for which he was long celebrated, pre-"South Pacific." The choral work and orchestral playing are well integrated under the direction of Cleva, and it is sonorously reproduced.
Cherubini: "Anacreon," Overture. Städtisches Orchestra of Berlin, conducted by Herbert von Karajan. Deutsche Grammophon 67514, $2.50.	Aggressive, well-phrased performance by Von Karajan of this Beethoven contemporary, which sounds like a mixture of minor Gluck and Beethoven. A product of 1803, when Beethoven was barely verging on his "middle period," it has many devices suggestive of the "Coriolan" and "Leonore No. 3" overtures. Very good reproduction (1939), especially of the strings.
Cherubini: Symphony in D. Paul Schmitz conducting the Leipzig Gewandhaus Chamber Orchestra. Deutsche Grammophon album 9, $11.	Intrinsically this score has a good deal of interest for, as in the case of the work above, it reflects a number of trends of the time in which Cherubini lived without adding anything of interest to them. Here it is Haydn whose late works are suggested, with foreshadowings of Mendelssohn and Schumann (both of whom regarded Cherubini very highly). The music is unfamiliar to me, but I find Schmitz's performance rather drab, the chamber orchestra of insufficient size (especially the string section) for its task. One of the poorer DG reproductions (1941).
Mendelssohn: "On Wings of Song." Jascha Heifetz, violin. RCA Victor 12-0963, $1.25.	A remake of the famous Heifetz specialty, of marvelous strength and purity in double-stopping octaves, etc. I have only heard it in the 45 rpm, where the edge of tone sears a bit, but it is certainly a sample of the best Heifetz. I care less for the "Minuet" from Mozart's "Divertimento in D" (No. 17, K. 334) on the overside.
Mozart: "Konstanze, Konstanze" ("Entführung"). Walther Ludwig, with orchestra conducted by Ferdinand Leitner. DG 68295, $2.50.	Ludwig is an able tenor, with a voice of suavity and size, well controlled in this arduous air, whose preferred phonograph interpreter to now has been Tauber. I should rather have this, for it is beautifully sung, excellently reproduced, and accompanied by an orchestra of proper size. With it is a version (in German) of Lenski's air from "Eugen Onegin," a little in the Walther von Stolzing manner.
Puccini: "Intermezzo" ("Manon Lescaut"), etc. Mitropoulos and the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra. ML 2053, $3.85.	If you value this fragment as preface to such other fragments as the Wolf-Ferrari "Jewels of the Madonna" intermezzi and the—guess?—intermezzo from "Cavalleria," here it is, in glamourized fashion. The pairing is with Mitropoulos's playing of the "Sebastian" ballet score of Menotti, noted here some months ago.
Saint-Saëns: "Danse Macabre." Charles Munch conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam. (London T 3120, $2.)	Phonophiles will remember this work in the several versions of Stokowski as marking some epochal occurrences in technical progress. The Munch is another landmark, not for sensational detail but for the blend of all into the veritable pattern of orchestral sound. It also is more "Danse" than "Macabre," restoring a balance in Saint-Saëns' favor which Stokowski had weighted in his own.
Strauss, R: "Morgan" and "Winterweihe." Heinrich Schlusnus, with orchestra. DG 68242, $2.50. "Traum durch die Dämmerung" and "Liebeshymnes." Schlusnus, with orchestra. DG 68131, $2.50.	Aside from the use of orchestral accompaniments—even though Strauss's own, I prefer the piano versions—there is nothing but virtue in Schlusnus's singing and the ravishing reproduction of it (1943 in both instances). At the specified price, a coupling of "Morgen" with "Traum durch die Dämmerung" would be more desirable value, but that would certainly diminish the market for "Winterweihe" and "Liebeshymnes."
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4 in F minor. Erich Kleiber conducting the Paris Conservatory Orchestra. London LP 2, $5.95.	As the eighth version of this work currently available, I find it difficult to evaluate the way in which it differs from the best of the others (there will be a ninth in a month or so, from Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony). It is strongly, cleanly played, without the orchestral richness of the Philadelphia (its long-playing competitor on ML LP 4050) but with some details that Ormandy overlooks. Excellent sound on the LP, especially the brass and percussion in the finale.
Wagner: "King's Prayer" ("Lohengrin"). Georg Hann, with orchestra conducted by Arthur Rother. DG 67942, $2.50.	The Caspar of last month's abridged "Freischütz," singing well but with less spectacular results. He is less adept with lyric music than with dramatic, where the dryness of his voice is disguised. However, it is a considerably better recording than the Kipnis (Columbia 7280), our present standard, though both lack the choral elements of the score. Overside he exercises his good dramatic imagination in Daland's "Mögst du, mein kind" from "The Flying Dutchman."
Wagner: "In seiner Blüte" ("Rienzi"). Georgine von Milinkovic, with orchestra directed by Heinrich Hollreiser. DG 68294, $2.50.	A little-recorded excerpt from this little-performed score (I find no previous issue of it) sung with vocal thrust and drama by Milinkovic. Described as an alto—her name is unfamiliar to me, as is that of the conductor—she has no difficulty at all with the top G's and A's of the scene, though there is some wobble in the voice elsewhere. With it is "O Schöne Jugendtage" from Kienzl's "Der Evangelimann"—another of the Marschner-Nessler-Flotow school (see page 51). —Irving Kolodin.

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

ROME.

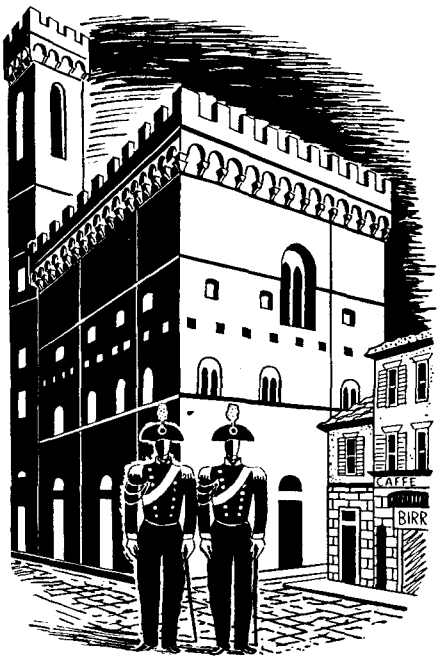
IN THE stampede from romanticism that began toward the end of the last century, Tchaikovsky was one of the first trampled on. British critics, in understandable reaction against the wild adulation previously accorded him, looked down their lean noses at this composer who wore his heart on his score; and American commentators followed suit. Came then the fatal discovery that he was "tuneful": the tender ministrations of Tin-Pan Alley, Hollywood, and Broadway stamped him irretrievably as "schmaltz." The intelligentsia quite gave Tchaikovsky up.

But not the people. In every land the people still love him. A Tchaikovsky program is sure-fire box-office, as all concert *impresari* know. And the "Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia of Recorded Music" makes the significant point that "the ratio of Tchaikovsky's recorded works to his total output is higher than that of any other composer living or dead."

The "Encyclopedia" lists twelve recordings of Tchaikovsky's sixth and greatest symphony, the "Pathétique," composed in the year of his death. I have not heard the Furtwängler interpretation (nor the Toscanini), but the recorded performances I have heard all fall short of my concept of the work's potentialities. Consequently, I am happy to report that Cetra has now provided a "Pathétique" that, on all major counts, does measure up. And it is a work that has extrinsic, as well as intrinsic, points of interest.

For one thing, it is the first time an Italian orchestra has waxed a Tchaikovsky symphony, a curious state of affairs in view of the Russian's acknowledged debt to the Italians and the Italianate sensuousness of his writing, and of his unfailing popularity in Italy. Again, this recording is the first major postwar effort of one of Italy's (and Europe's) finest orchestras, the Turin outfit of the Italian Radio. Finally, it will introduce to discophiles Maestro Herbert Albert, forty-six-year-old German conductor rated by one Italian critic as "the legitimate heir of Furtwängler and Bruno Walter."

The Turin orchestra was formed in 1931, with the merger of the Milan and Genoa orchestras (which produced loud howls from those communities). Before the war it recorded as the EIAR orchestra. When war devastated Turin it removed to Venice. On its return it came under the able baton of Mario Rossi; and Rossi, with the help of Mario Fighera and Arturo Basile, shaped it to its present high proficiency. A 1947 appearance at the Edinburgh festival



and concerts in England, Belgium, and Switzerland drew raves from critics, unprepared, as the *Manchester Guardian* put it, to have such "light thrown from Turin."

Under Albert's decisive baton the Turin plays the "Pathétique" with mastery—and, evidently, *con amore*. We are accustomed, of course, to sumptuousness of strings in Italian orchestras; but the crispness of the brass and the creaminess of the French horns and woodwinds in this recording are unexpected pleasures. And while I quibble at Albert's tempos in places, where retards seem unduly prolonged, I think his over-all conception is the right one to bring out the sense of futility and despair that pervades this work. I also have minor caveats about the engineering: surface noise occasionally overrides *pianissimo* passages; one or two breaks might have been better contrived. But record buyers looking for a satisfactory "Pathétique" will be advised to wait to hear this one, which I am told is shortly to be made available in America.

Albert and the Turin orchestra have also recorded for Cetra "Tre quadri di vita veneziana," a suite by the late F. P. Neglia, Italian composer who spent much of his life in Hamburg, and Dukas' "L'Apprenti sorcier." Several of Neglia's smaller works have been recorded by Voce del Padrone, but this is his first orchestral essay to get onto wax; it is quiet, descriptive music, in the classical vein. The "Sorcerer's Apprentice" has not yet reached dealers.

Other brief ventures of the Turin group include Saint Saëns' "Danse Macabre," with its first violin, Antonio Gramegna, as soloist, and Bizet's "Arlésienne Suite No. 2," both with Basile conducting; the charming "Intermezzi" from Wolf-Ferrari's "Quattro rusteghi" and "Secret of Susanna," under Alfredo Simonetto; the "Pastorale" from Boccherini's Quintet in D major, Op. 37, and the C major Largo from a Vivaldi violin concerto, under Fighera; and Vivaldi's E major concerto for violin and strings, with Gramegna as soloist and Renato Fasano conducting. None of this is heavyweight stuff; but it is all effective.

Voce del Padrone is still releasing Victor de Sabata's recordings with the St. Cecilia (Augusteo) Orchestra. The Preludes (Acts I and III) to "Traviata," the aforementioned Wolf-Ferrari "Intermezzi," and Debussy's "Nuages," are the latest ones. At handling orchestral excerpts from opera, of course, De Sabata knows no superior and few equals, and he is hardly less famed locally as an interpreter of the French impressionist. All of these make fine listening.

Among locally recorded Columbia releases, I find nothing worth mentioning except, perhaps, four sides by Gino Brandi, nineteen-year-old pianist who is Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli's latest challenger. Two sides are Debussy, the others Weber's "Moto perpetuo" and Zanella's "Festa campestre." I particularly recommend the Debussy.

TELEFUNKEN is back in business, marketing its products here under the Durium label and collectors are happy to find that its catalogue lists items of which the masters were rumored destroyed in the war. The Mengelberg-Amsterdam Brahms Fourth will bear hearing, as will, of course, the Kulenkampff recording of the Beethoven Violin Concerto, to my mind one of the finest things on wax. We have to thank Telefunken, too, for the first recording of the Bartok Concerto for Two Pianos and Percussion. This is performed by the expert Corini-Lorenzi piano duo, with the rhythm section of the Florence orchestra under Maestro Ettore Gracis. It is marred by needle scratch that often drowns out the percussion, but it is otherwise rewarding music.

Finally, a few odds and ends: Ital-

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ian dealers have now been authorized to import foreign needles; they hope competition will force improvement of the fantastically bad Italian product. A paragraph in *SRL*, shown to the responsible government official, is supposed to have produced the import permit. . . . Voce del Padrone is very proud of having added twenty-nine-year-old Guido Cantelli, Toscanini's heir presumptive, to its stable. He has recorded music of Casella, Busoni, and Rossini with the St. Cecilia, but has not yet approved it for release. —JOHN P. MCKNIGHT.

* * *

LONDON.

NO official denials seem capable of quenching the persistent rumors that the HMV-Columbia group is ready to launch LP records on us at a moment's notice. Every other person you meet in the gramophone trade appears to be in the possession of inside information—"LP discs will be on the market before Christmas," "Microgroove pickups will be on show at Radiolympia" (Britain's annual Radio Exhibition, held in October), and so on. Yet if one looks for any concrete pointers there is nothing that might be labeled supporting evidence for these rumors, except perhaps the fact that Decca is producing LP discs for the American market and that, because of this, EMI is presumably making hasty preparations so that they shall not lag behind should Decca try to spring a surprise.

This month's magnum opus is, without question, the first complete recording of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," recorded during the war by Italian HMV, with approximately the same team that gave us the recent "Aida." Gigli, Caniglia, and Bechi head the cast, supported by Fedora Barbieri, Elda Ribetti, and Tancredi Pasero. Tullio Serafin conducts the chorus and orchestra of Rome Opera House. On the whole, this set gave me more pleasure than "Aida," if only because we have not had a recording of "Un Ballo" before, and because Gigli is more at home with Ricardo than with Rhadames. Nevertheless, it would be idle to pretend that this is in any way a great performance; while the cast boasts plenty of fine vocal material, I found little evidence of real artistry or integrity. One must presumably blame the engineers for the fact that the voices are too loud throughout—no attempt seems to have been made to place them in correct relationship to the orchestra or to each other—but, even allowing for that, one cannot escape the conclusion that Verdi's carefully graded dynamic markings were being persistently ignored.

The orchestra, too, is scarcely first rate, yet the whole performance is unquestionably alive and, all in all, we have much cause to be grateful for so dramatic an account of one of Verdi's finest scores. The opera has been released on HMV's Special List (automatic sequence only) and anyone who has heard Italian pressings of this set will be amazed at the improved surfaces. Future releases of a similar kind are said to include "Andrea Chenier" and "La Forza del Destino."

Decca's new recording of Brahms's C minor Symphony has surpassed all our expectations. Van Beinum handles the score with rare taste and secures a performance from the Concertgebouw Orchestra which, if not sensationally exciting, could not be clearer or more refined. The playing throughout is a joy to the ear, and the recording, in its spaciousness and smoothness, represents my idea of perfection. The same company is also responsible for a brilliant, if slightly unyielding, performance of Beethoven's Eighth by Munch and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra, while Walter's mellow reading of the First Symphony, already familiar in the USA, has now been made available by Columbia. Pleasure in the continued improvement of American recording is tempered here by annoyance at the bad planning, resulting in some of the shortest sides I can recall. The symphonic picture is rounded off by HMV, whose contribution of an indifferently recorded and unimaginatively performed "Jupiter" by the Vienna Philharmonic under Karl Böhm is not particularly welcome, since it probably precludes the possibility of a new Beecham version in the near future.

EUGENE GOOSSENS is best known as a conductor, but he is also a composer of distinction, with many works to his credit. His Oboe Concerto in one movement is a thoroughly charming and entertaining little piece, written as a vehicle for his brother Leon, who, needless to say, plays it exquisitely, ably supported by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Susskind, and finely recorded by Columbia. There are two excellent single orchestral discs from Decca: Ravel's "Alborado del Gracioso" (Ansermet and the Suisse Romande Orchestra) and Weber's charming "Preciosa" Overture, delightfully played and ideally recorded by the Turin Symphony Orchestra under Mario Rossi.

The Griller Quartet features very prominently among the latest chamber music releases. Their performance of Mozart's "Dissonance" Quartet, K. 465, has already received *SRL* mention, but, so far as I know, the new recording of Beethoven's tense F minor Quartet, Op. 95, has not yet crossed the water. The performance is not entirely above criticism—there is a tendency to overemphasize some of the more delicate passages—but on the whole it is splendid and skilful, full of the requisite fire, and powerfully recorded.

Operagoers all over Europe are mourning the death, from cancer, of the soprano Maria Cebotari, who had since the early Thirties been a mainstay of various famous opera companies. As a parting gift she has given us a truly outstanding record of the aria "Es gibt ein Reich," from Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos"; her beautiful singing is finely supported by the Vienna Philharmonic (HMV). Other operatic discs feature Ljuba Welitsch, whose style is insufficiently Italianate for "Vissi d'Arte" and Musetta's "Waltz Song" (Col.), and Silveri, whose resonant baritone is heard to advantage in "Resta Immobile" from "William Tell" and in "Visione Fuggitiva" from "Herodiade" (Col.).

Parlophone's contribution comprises four songs by Sibelius—"Hymn to Thais," "Jägargossen," "Den Första Kyssen," "Säf, Säf, Susa"—all sung by the well-known Finnish soprano Aulikki Rautawaara (Countess Almaviva in the Glyndebourne "Figaro" set), finely accompanied by Gerald Moore. Decca gives us two further Schubert songs, "Ständchen" and "Sei mir gegrüsst!," featuring Schlusnus's still beautiful voice. Finally I should like to mention an HMV disc of great beauty and interest; it contains two wonderful songs by Purcell—"Music for a While" and "If Music Be the Food of Love"—which are sung by Alfred Deller, the possessor of a type of voice, common up to the time of Mozart but rarely found nowadays, known as countertenor or male alto. The disembodied, sexless kind of sound he produces may not suit everyone's taste, but in these songs it gives a strange and haunting effect. He is accompanied on the harpsichord by Walter Bergmann.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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45 RPM—Second Phase

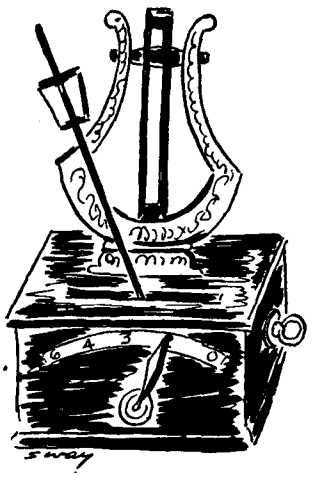
A PHONOPHILE of old addiction, well known in New York where he accumulated tons of records, eschewed changers which he hated heartily and cursed the coming of LP. "They sound better than 78's," he tells his friends, "so I must have them. But what is there left for me to do? I turn a switch and a single LP side plays a Mozart symphony right through. That is what I have become —a switch turner. Bah!"

The contagious acceptance by other manufacturers and public of the LP principle after its introduction last year hints that our unreconstructed phonophile occupies a position of aristocratic aloofness. He has support, however, from RCA Victor, which in sustaining artistocracy hopes not to be too aloof from the public marts. This mighty company is and always has been here, the exemplar of phonographic *noblesse*. Its spendid repertory and shining display of celebrated musicians permit it a periodic aristocratic indulgence in spectacular *gaffes*.

Thus after the first values of LP had become apparent, the word was sent out from Camden that Victor, like Charles I, would oppose the inevitable. The 45 rpm, seven-inch vinyl disc which *before* LP could have offered so many advantages of convenience, durability, and comeliness, was produced from storage and proclaimed to the phonographic world as the bold way to perpetuate those irritating interruptions in musical works which LP threatened to exorcise. A special idiosyncrasy marks the player with which they are designed to be used, since it lacks a cut-off when the last disc, or only disc, has been performed. This means that the symmetrical procession of the lush and rowdy tunes in "Gaîté Parisienne" is mocked by the recurrence of the Hoffman "Boat Song" after the coda; and unless someone sprints to dam the current, boat and coda will flow on forever—in a visual reproduction of the "Sorcerer's Apprentice." In our vacumatic, hydromatic, playomatic civilization the RCA Victor change is not stopomatic but exaspermatic.

It is also compact, simple, and otherwise efficient. It can, of course, accommodate only the single kind of miniature disc with the large center hole. A number of these, stacked upon the spindle, will drop successively upon the turntable and play, if they are perfect, half a symphony of conventional length in a stream of sound interrupted for seven to ten seconds every time a record falls. *If they are perfect.* But the fabrication of them ignores the elementary matter that vinyl of this thinness warps easily; and though the arm will track there will not be sufficient contact between the two slick surfaces of the thick middle section to provide a durable contact. Victor defines this, in broad technological terms, as "slippage"; the resulting caterwauling is interesting, but can disappoint people attentive for more orderly sounds. Separately and almost simultaneously, the writer and the editor of RECORDINGS discovered that a small dab of adhesive tape—known as the B. K. Expedient—when attached to the center portion of the disc will assure contact. This is efficient but mars the beauty of the multicolored records; the manufacturer suggests "masking tape" for the same purpose, but does not say where it is available in the colors to match the discs. Of nine sets considered below only two were free enough from "slippage" to play without resort to the B-K Expedient.

Summing up, the Victor novelty consists of an obsolete principle (short duration) complicated by defective mechanical application. A third point, potential quality, is more important to collectors, who have forgiven and will forgive almost anything if the anything is balanced by improvement in tone, however slight. In the comparisons that follow it will be found as a general rule the 45's excel in tonal quality their 78 progenitrices. The difference, however, is rarely great: the startling contrasts, mostly favoring microgroove, which exist between Columbia 33's and Columbia 78's are not to be found here. The Victor originals are of pretty recent date and offer less chance for sensational improvement. "The Sleeping Beauty," "Serenade for Thirteen Wind Instruments," and "Gaîté Parisienne" show the glory the Victor narrow grooves can hold. No doubt their glory would be enhanced on LP, where their duration would be appropriate for a disc apiece.



On the basis of the following comparisons some general observations may be made. Victor 45's are nearly always a little superior tonally to their 78 equivalents of recent date. Where the contrary is true, the difference is even narrower and may be regarded as accidental. Expansion of frequency range is not great, but the proportions observed within the range are smoother than on 78. As with other narrow-groove records, crispness in the bass and brightness in the treble are features most readily remarked in 45's.

BACH: *Orchestral Suites No. 1 and 4. Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra.* (78 rpm in Victor album 1307, $7.25; 45 rpm in Victor carton W 1307, $5.52. Duration of both, 37m 34s.)

The difference is not great at any point, but a sharper bite in the bass strings, more evenly contoured violins, and more salt in the oboes—customary features of narrow-groove recording —definitely but unemphatically favor 45.

DEBUSSY: *Jeux—Poème dansé. Victor de Sabata and Orchestra of the Augusteo, Rome.* (78 rpm in Victor envelope 1276, $2.50; 445 rpm in Victor envelope W 1276, $2.00. Duration, 17m 15s.)

A jury of borrowed ears agreed that the 78 importation and the 45 copy are of about equally high merit. The enduring differences are not tonal: scratch on the shellac versus static crackle on the vinyl, and a much higher volume level on 78.

DELIBES: *Excerpts from the Ballets "Coppélia" and "Sylvia." Fabien Sevitzky and the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra.* (78 rpm in Victor album 1305, $7.25; 45 rpm in Victor carton W 1305, $5.52. Duration 34m 40s.)

No constant advantage with one or the other, but on occasion 45 reveals an improved brightness on high and a completer integration of the whole orchestra that are not quite persuasive enough to permit a verdict of unequivocal 45 superiority.

HAYDN: *The Musical Clocks. E. Power Biggs, organ.* (78 rpm on Victor 10-1471, $1.05; 45 rpm on Victor 49-0419, $1.) Forty-five is hesitantly suggested as preferable because it intermittently gives a stronger impression of presence.

MOZART: *Concerto for Bassoon in B Flat, K 191. Leonard Sharrow; Ar-*

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turo Toscanini and the NBC Orchestra. (78 rpm in Victor envelope 1304, $2.50; 45 rpm in Victor envelope W 1304, $2. Duration, 16m 10s.)

An initial more muscular substance on 78 is specious and derives from its greater volume. With controls adjusted for 45 its superiority is manifest. The bassoon is inclined to buzz on 78; not on 45. On 78 the tuttis are rougher. String tone, especially of the violins, is fresher on 45.

MOZART: *Quartet No. 15, in D Minor, K 421. Hungarian String Quartet.* (78 rpm in Victor album 1299, $4.75; $3.25. Duration, 24m 13s.)

Seventy-eight rpm is of sustained engaging quality while 45 fluctuates between moments of superior resonance and sections of comparative opacity. Seventy-eight is the choice.

OFFENBACH: *"Gaité Parisienne." Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops Orchestra.* (78 rpm in Victor album 1147, $6.; 45 rpm in Victor carton W 1147, $4.25.)

Here the Boston Pops, for long exponents of the dazzle in recording, confront their own cymbalic and percussive standards on 78 with a 45 which is a little better not only in scintillation but in scope and depth.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Excerpts from "The Sleeping Beauty." Leopold Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra.* (78 rpm in Victor album 1205, $8.50; 45 rpm in Victor carton W 1205, $6. Duration 50m 44s.)

Neither memory nor research among exceptional discs on file discloses any other Victor orchestral recording as brilliantly successful as this 45. The successive pageants of the work encourage unusual contrasts of tone-color in a virtuoso orchestra like the one employed here, denoted His. Obviously the recording engineers were aware of their opportunity. Especially arresting are the homogenous staccato bass strings, the cantabile violins and the massive curtain of the brass in chorale. Even the woodwinds, too forward for orchestral exactitude, give out in their improper solo role a realistic utterance of expressive sensuous sound, rotund, throaty, tenuous or all. Seventy-eight was not available for comparison, but an indecency would have been done the 45 had a notice of this remarkable set not appeared here. Twelve sides are utilized: on LP the work would require two.

C. G. BURKE.

"Façade," Pro and Con

SIR: I have only this minute read your "'Façade' to What?" [RECORDINGS July]. Generally I have agreed with your opinions—or at least with your point of view—on recordings in general and particular, even though sometimes taken aback by your unnecessary disputatiousness. I have always felt, and still do feel, that it is the function of the reviewer or the editor of a review not to agree with me, but to know his field, to make the canons of his criticism clear, and to instruct me—or challenge me to instruct myself.

Your comments on "Façade" serve only to sadden me. That you should dislike the work or that you should really criticize it wouldn't distract me. My objection to your comment is that you don't criticize the *work* at all. Your statement

> Others . . . are sure to share in that pleasure [of hearing the Walton music], which would have been greater, I think, had the distracting syllables of the Sitwell's sybillants been subtracted,

despite the cleverness of its rhetorical tour de force, is comparable to stating that you prefer "Pelléas et Melisande" without the voices of the singers, or that Brahms's "Alto Rhapsody" would be a nice piece for orchestra but that the voice spoils it.

For the fact of the matter is that the work was conceived as a unified whole. The music by itself, though charming as ballet material, has little real character. Part of the value lies in the tension—fighting, if you will—between the somewhat whimsical pattern of the music and the fairly rigid pattern of the words. I am here referring to *pattern*; the words are often whimsical in *meaning*, but they are never anything but strict in pattern. And the rich tones of the spoken, or really chanted, words are very much a part of music. If you don't believe me, play recordings of "The Man from a Far Countree" and "Black Mrs. Behemoth" with the voice and without. They are absolutely different pieces of music.

The real trouble, it seems to me, is that since you have so little sympathy for the art form involved you fail to recognize it as an art form at all. It is a form different from instrumental music alone, or from traditional melodic singing. . . .

Though it seems a bit gratuitous, I can give you at least one good reason for Dr. Sitwell's calling the work "Façade." The poems, as poems only, are in their way a witty and sometimes profound commentary on society as she observed it in the years immediately following World War I. It is noteworthy that the materials used in the collaboration with William Walton are selected from that body of work and have undergone changes in some cases, usually in the direction of more strict form, in the process of becoming the "ballet for voice" that is "Façade."

Perhaps you have joined with Messrs. Cousins and Smith in the Great Battle Against the Insidious Influences of Modern Poetry. If so, this explanation will probably have little effect, but at least I shall have the satisfaction of having set it down.

Dr. Sitwell, in "Façade," sees that society (and how much it resembles our own in some respects!) as all front with no structure behind it, exactly "the exterior or front of a building, something having 'architectural pretensions'." She uses the poetic techniques of association and dissociation to put her point across, though occasionally the statement is straightforward as in "The Man from a Far Countree" or the one (I don't have my recordings here with me) concerning the two ex-lovers walking in the winter woods where they once knew joy. The more common approach appears in that delicious satire on remnants of Victorianism in the poem which describes the sport of the nymphs, all pressed in crinolines and bombazine, with their much less than Attic attitude toward the satyrs; in the clairvoyant presentation of the comic-opera militarism of Spain, with its sinister Falangist overtones in "The Long Steel Grass," and in the hilarious parody of all jodeling songs ever written in "Jodeling Song." . . .

From this point of view you may still like or dislike, praise or blame the work. You may feel—and you may well be right—that the wedding of poetry of idea and allusion with music is not a satisfactory art form. I find it most satisfying to me, but I can see where anyone may honestly disagree. Nevertheless, you will be considering it within a framework in which it belongs and not simply inveighing against the prickly pear for not being an apple.

WILL C. JUMPER.

Stanford, Calif.

SIR: Thank you and bravo for so neatly expressing my reaction to the highly-touted "Façade."

I listened to it on a radio broadcast, and since Walton's music was new to me, and—what could be heard of it between the irritating recitation—delightful, I immediately purchased the music without the words. However, the only recording locally available is one put out by HMV. . . . Unfortunately, for reasons of health, I am compelled to purchase records via telephone without first being able to hear them. Certainly the recording I was able to get is hardly worth the extra price of HMV records.

Do you know if a better and more complete recording of this suite is available and, if not, whether Columbia could possibly be persuaded to issue the album sans Miss Sitwell's voice?

CAROL VANDIVERT.

Oakland, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *If there is a "Great Battle Against the Insidious Influence of Modern Poetry" being waged by* SRL, *I am strictly a non-combatant. In fact, it may be my civilian status in that controversy which Reader Jumper would like to correct. I must say that his illuminating comments on the Sitwell verses are more pertinent than anything offered on their behalf by the sponsoring company. As for the plea for a music-minus-voice release of "Façade," I doubt that even Columbia's skill in dubbing could unscramble this omelette.*

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The Second-Rate Second-Rate

IRVING KOLODIN

MARSCHNER: *"Hans Heiling," Overture. Leopold Ludwig conducting the Städtisches Orchestra of Berlin.* (Deutsche Grammophon No. 37313, $2.50.)

LOTHAR: *"Schneider Wibble," Overture. Carl Schuricht conducting the Städtisches Orchestra of Berlin.* (Deutsche Grammophon No. 68289, $2.50.)

NESSLER: *"Trompeter Von Säckingen" ("Behüt' dich Gott"). Heinrich Schlusnus, baritone, with orchestra.* (Deutsche Grammophon No. 67191, $2.50.)

VON FLOTOW: *"Alessandro Stradella," Overture. Leopold Ludwig directing the Berlin State Opera Orchestra.* (Deutsche Grammophon No. 57148, $2.50.)

VON EINEM: *"Concerto for Orchestra," Opus 4. Karl Elmendorf conducting the Saxonian State Orchestra.* (Deutsche Grammophon album 10, $8.50.)

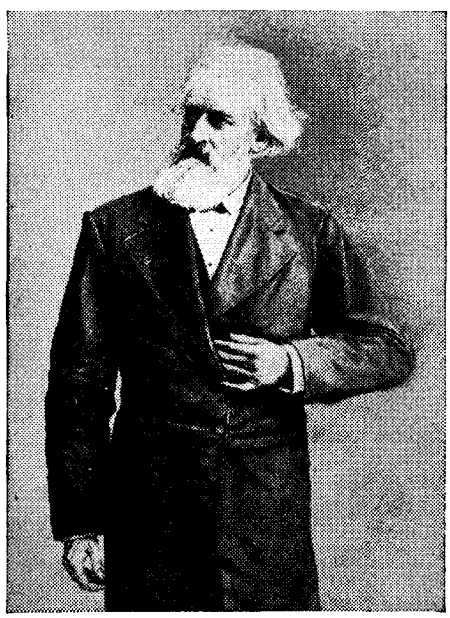
Along with the undeniable riches concealed in the German wartime catalogues it is understandable that there should have been a good deal of dross as well—our own are sufficiently loaded with it for us to know that it is an inescapable by-product of record-making. What puzzles me, though, is why the American purchaser should be subjected to this deluge of the second-rate—assuming that those in charge of the Deutsche Grammophon operation here are proceeding on a selective basis, and not merely marketing whatever the folks in Germany think we ought to hear.

Whoever is responsible may be proceeding on the assumption that, since there are no American counterparts of the items above, there must surely be a market for them. That, I think, is the process of confusing the esoteric with the valuable, of ignoring the fact that there is some music so commonplace that nobody wants to hear it—least of all, spend money for it on records. Most of the items in the listing above are in that category. I realize that Marschner and Von Flotow, possibly Nessler, are highly venerated in certain German areas, but that is a weakness that had best be left to its local obscurity.

Much the best of this bad lot is the "Alessandro Stradella" overture, which at least is a pleasant commonplace, good for testing new pickups or checking on needles in need of replacement. As music it is much inferior to his "Marta" overture, which at least has a few juicy tunes along with the doughy orchestration. Marschner's "Hans Heiling" I can take or leave, along with most of his quasi-Weberisms, which include both the overture and the aria "An jenem Tag," which Schlusnus sings on the reverse of his "Trompeter von Säckingen" excerpt. While mentioning take-or-leave composers, let Nessler in—very much in. Both command all the clichés of their day, with nothing that suggests even an inversion of one.

With Lothar and Von Einem I am a bit more impatient. Considering the number of good contemporary works by Americans which have not yet been recorded—I mention Randall Thompson's Second Symphony for one or any of John Alden Carpenter's pleasant fantasies for another—I find it rather absurd that music of this quality should be so elaborately produced and processed.

Neither Lothar nor Von Einem has a previous record with me, and I approached them in a spirit of curiosity—which, however, didn't endure long. Lothar, apparently, is a composer of the genus Wolf-Ferrari, with a pleasant talent for confusing any tune that occurs to him. Von Einem is a rather more serious case, impressed originally, one imagines, by Max Reger and since by Hindemith. His talent for confusion is even greater than Lothar's with the further difference that no tunes seem to occur to him. It is a hash of rather meaningless counterpoints and orchestral effects, without even the seasoning that sometimes makes hash a filling, if not palatable, dish.



—*Bettmann Archive.*

Friedrich von Flotow — "a few juicy tunes along with doughy orchestration."

With customary German thoroughness, all these things are efficiently performed, with apparent enthusiasm by all concerned, and the high perfection of technical work notable in many of these DG releases. They are, in fact, uniformly better than such other things—of greater interest—on this month's list, as the Cherubini symphony, the Leopold Mozart "Divertimento," or the Johann Christian Bach symphony.

Whether these things are valid in our market will soon be determined, without any assistance from me. However, it does seem absurd for valuable shellac, shipping space, and transatlantic handling charges to be expended on a repertory of as obviously little value as this. It would seem to me a sensible approach for Deutsche Grammophon to concentrate on smaller lists of more durable value than—in a literal sense—confusing the issues with the drab, the transitory, and the inconsequential.

It would also seem sensible—now that they have resumed recording in Germany—for Telefunken to manufacture for us some works of American composers in return for the complement of the business we give them. It may be argued that they should do most what they do best—which, after all, may be Nessler, Marschner, and Flotow—but it is not inconceivable that a few of our talented conductors, such as Walter Hendl, Dean Dixon, Bernard Herrmann, or Edgar Schenckman, would be glad to take on the assignment of teaching them how to play our music. (I omit others, such as Bernstein, who have recording commitments.)

Out of this enterprise might come a few additions to the literature of recorded music which might, in the long view, be of no greater value, but would at least be our own. The second-rate takes many forms, of course, but it is generally more appealing when an identification with self is possible. I don't feel it in Marschner, Nessler, or Flotow—even in Lothar and Von Einem.

The last of these is known to some for his score for "Danton's Death," a work of some prominence at the Salzburg Festival of 1947. What the chronological relation of the two works may be is not mentioned in this issue—all of which might be enhanced, incidentally, by program annotations.

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A Happy Marriage, and Others

ONE rare variety of light musical pleasure is the offering, by a first-class artist, of some of the choice but lesser known works of ranking popular composers. This is exactly what happens in a new album entitled "Mary Martin Sings for You" (Columbia album 843, $4.25). What with "South Pacific," this is obviously a Mary Martin year, and we are now indebted to that ebullient siren not only for the happy role of Ensign Nellie Forbush but also for some of the nicest exercises in sentimental chamber music that have come along in some time. The songs, as indicated, include certain gems scarcely ever displayed—Rodgers's and Hart's "My Funny Valentine" and "Glad to Be Unhappy," Gershwin's "A Foggy Day," and Vincent Youmans's "I Want to Be with You." There are also four more conspicuous sparklers—Gershwin's "But Not for Me" and "Maybe," Dietz's and Schwartz's "I See Your Face Before Me," and Berlin's "It's a Lovely Day Tomorrow." These are sung against subtle backgrounds by Ben Ludlow for one musician tripling on the flute, clarinet, and bass clarinet, and others on the string bass, guitar, harp, and piano. Miss Martin does her romantic part with an artistry quite as telling as those more muscular Southern Pacific efforts in which she washes Ezio Pinza out of her hair or proclaims herself corny as Kansas in August. Her handling of sentimental music reinforces a point we have several times stressed regarding the best popular singers: one of their secrets is the happy marriage of a lyric warmth, which gives full value to the melodic line, with a certain impersonal restraint in the matter of the words, which keeps the situation from getting mawkish. Most popular songs when sung in a personal way are repellent. But there is never any danger of this with Mary Martin; it is difficult to see what, if anything, she lacks in the way of popular musical equipment, unless it be a personal witchcraft of the sort this department has felt, at one time or another, in Marlene Dietrich and Gertrude Lawrence.

The many loyal constituents of Andre Kostelanetz and David Rose may be interested to learn that there is an eager contender for their favor in the person of one Percy Faith and His Orchestra, now presenting six light classics: "Begin the Beguine," "The Touch of Your Hand," "That Old Black Magic," "All Through the Night," "Dancing in the Dark," and "Temptation" (Varsity 151, 152, 153, 39¢). Having very little taste for this sort of musical chiffon we may fail to appreciate the details, but we would say offhand that Mr. Faith's violins offer just as many veils and drapes of tone as are customarily found in the musical yard goods of Kostelanetz and Rose, and that there is also the same tendency toward rhapsody, or at least spasm, and the same habit of changing the fundamental beat, which is disconcerting to one brought up in the tradition that in American popular music the beat is a laudable fixture.

We have also been unsettled this month by certain practices of Vaughn Monroe, a man with a good, conservative dance band and an appealing masculine voice. His album "Silver Lining Songs" consists of time-tested numbers from the current movie "Look for the Silver Lining" (RCA Victor P246, $3.25) including the title song and "A Kiss in the Dark," "Who?," "Shine On Harvest Moon," "Time on My Hands," and "Avalon." In the main the band plays well, but Mr. Monroe's agreeable voice is usually joined by one of those mechanical mixed choirs which take the joy out of so much light music nowadays, and in the only number where the choir is absent, the ineffable "Avalon," Mr. Monroe's solo is followed, inexplicably, by a cumbersome swing passage which completely breaks the song's mood.

Further breakage has been inflicted on the work of Tchaikovsky. That melancholy man is said to have broken into tears of unhappiness one evening as he strolled along Broadway. Perhaps there was no specific connection with the American scene, but it is well that the Russian never heard the supercharged operation of a coloratura named Kathryn Grayson on one of his finest melodies in a record called "Waltz Serenade" (MGM 30210, 79¢). Miss Grayson has the gush of an Old Faithful, and on the other side she drenches Jerome Kern's "They Didn't Believe Me."

The month has provided a few modest rewards. Esmereldy's "The Pictures on the Wall" (MGM 10483, 63¢) struck us as cruder but also funnier than most of the efforts of Dorothy Shay, "The Park Avenue Hill Billy." A melodious lullaby, "Luna Lu," seems worthy of more distinctive handling than it gets from Blue Barron (MGM 10490, 63¢). Marjorie Hughes offers a tasteful revival of "I Never Knew (I Could Love Anybody)," accompanied by Hugo Winterhalter's orchestra, which seems to us one of the handsomest dance bands we have heard recently (Columbia 38524, 63¢). And the seasoned New Orleans gentleman with the soprano saxophone, Sidney Bechet, has made still another album featuring his hot virtuosity, "Sidney Bechet's Blue Note Jazz Men" (Blue Note 105, $3.95). This time his able associates include "Wild Bill" Davison on the trumpet and Art Hodes at the piano. The ensemble interplay is scarcely of the top New Orleans grade, and the rhythm section is often rather pedestrian, but Bechet's own work is as usual a joy, and "Cake Walking Babies" and "Tiger Rag," taken for once at a moderate tempo, will be welcome in the best Crescent City company. —WILDER HOBSON.

—*Charles Farr, Graphic House, Inc.*

Mary Martin recording—"the happy marriage of a lyric warmth with a certain impersonal restraint."

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Some Highs and Lows

THE CONTROL-LESS AMPLIFIER

WHEN this writer first began enthusing over the separate-unit phonograph system things were fairly simple. The original Consumers Union system, for instance, comprised a one-speed changer, an amplifier with one input and a single tone control adjuster (Bogen PH 10), a single speaker. But this sort of thing never ends (that being of course its fascination), and nowadays the available units for a "complete" system run into the dozens. The three-speed era has multiplied the front end of any system to the point where the possibilities are exhausting to think of (and this column postpones such a discussion yet awhile). The close race between the new magnetic pickups, GE, Pickering, and the like, and the much improved crystal pickups means a further complication; the magnetics need preamplifiers, the crystals and the new ceramics must avoid them, as must AM and FM radio tuners. At this point preamplifiers may come as separate units, or built invisibly into your amplifier, or tucked into a radio tuner, even combined with other assorted separate units—if you don't look carefully you're apt to find yourself with two or three of them.

And the need for specific tone controls, matching varying pickups to varying records (equalization) as well as for seasoning your music to taste and to match room acoustics, has led to still another batch of separate units that can be patched into your system to make life still more involved. (See RECORDINGS, Feb. 1949.)

Indeed, so devious have the combinations of all these items grown—almost any two or more can be lumped as a "separate unit"—that there's a move on now towards making the amplifier, heart of your system, into a unit with no controls on it at all, the whole of them being centered elsewhere. Often they are mounted in an associated radio tuner. But a more radical departure towards ultimate simplicity (if you will believe me) is to relegate all basic controls to a new and autonomous unit of their own which can be compact and easily mounted wherever you wish. An excellent idea, for it is not good to place your hot amplifier at the operational center of things where it may overheat records and pickups—not to mention yourself, on a sizzling day. Far better to isolate it, minus the controls that must be at hand, where it can manage to stew safely and alone.

At the present time all of this is more tendency than fact, though I'm ready to bet on a rapid increase in

such arrangements. A number of home-type amplifiers without controls are already on the market. Most are sold to go with matched radio tuners, the controls and even the phonograph preamplifier simply being built into the tuner instead of the amplifier. The Collins home system, the Altec Lansing, Radio Craftsmen, Espey, Knight (Allied Radio), and doubtless others are of this sort. Some of these controlless basic amplifiers are already available separately if you want them. The Brook ten-watt triode amplifier can be had minus its separate control box.

But needless to say if you plan on such an amplifier you must have your controls elsewhere. The new trend towards giving them their own container is barely under way. The Brook control unit, sold only with its own amplifier, and a similar "remote control" system in the Bell amplifier are moves in this direction. (The Brook controls are not the type I like—see RECORDINGS, Jan. 1949). Electronic Workshop in New York has two interesting separate control units now ready to match its own interchangeable control-less amplifiers of various sizes, but adaptable to other amplifiers.

Both models include in place of a standard volume control a gadget that has attracted much interest recently among engineers, the *compensated loudness control*, which automatically changes the proportion of bass and treble as volume changes, in order more nearly to match the human ear, which hears quite differently at high volume than at low. (You can have the loudness control, to replace your regular volume control, from Livingston Electronics for $10.) The simpler of these two control units, at about $15, is a three knobber, size of a small cigarette carton, with the approved type of bass and treble "boost-attenuate" knobs (the flat position in the middle), plus the loudness control for volume. The larger unit adds to this a built-in preamplifier for magnetic pickups and a step-type tonal range control for noisy records. A knob selects any of four inputs to take your assorted players and radio tuners; each input has its own level adjustment so that all the signals may enter the control on an equal footing, a good point since you'll find that signal strength varies greatly from one type of unit to the next. This really fancy separate control unit, an amateur engineer's dream (and a beginner's nightmare?) goes for about $45. The rest of your equipment should be fancy too, to do it justice.

All of which may leave some readers gasping with bewilderment or (more likely) annoyance. If you think such complications are out of bounds for the mere record lover, I can only suggest that the whole industry has been well out of bounds these many months! I'm doin' my best.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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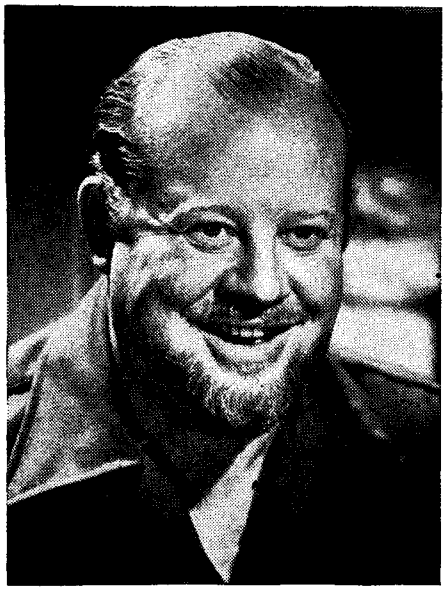
Ferrier, Ives, Danco, and Arie

WHAT is there about the singer's art that makes it unique in the canons of music? One could hardly undertake an omnibus evaluation of pianists, for example, who might correspond roughly to the singers named above: Clifford Curzon, Teddy Wilson, Robert Casadesus, and some Yugoslav pianist I have never even heard of. But the fact is that as well as singing "Have You Seen but a Whyte Lily Grow" or "Springfield Mountain" or "Amarilli" or "The Death of Boris," each of these singers is singing himself or herself—which introduces an element of personality in art that comes only with the voice and through the voice.

From Ferrier, for example, in her fine album of Northumbrian, Elizabethan, and Irish folk songs (London album 95, $3.75) we hear even more art than in her "Orfeo" and, surprisingly, more voice than in her Handel. I note these qualities as relative to the material involved: for one can learn the art for "Orfeo" or develop the voice to sing Handel, but it is pure personal charm that makes her "Willow, Willow" or "The Lover's Curse" the magical things they are.

From Ferrier, too, (as from Peter Pears) we hear a quality of English enunciation which may return to fashion the quality of being intelligible, which was such an embellishment of the art of McCormack and Roland Hayes or of Peter Dawson and Norman Allin. It is time, too, that Anglo-Saxons should have no longer to take their models of singing their own language from such Europeans as Aksel Schiotz, whose gift of tongues is such as to shame most English or American vocalists.



Burl Ives—genial, ambling.

To the fine singer of folk songs the quality of being intelligible is inherent in the act of vocalization, for if the listener cannot understand what is being sung, what good is the performance? Ferrier knows this intellectually, whether it is "The Keel Row" or "Down by the Sally Gardens" she sings, as Ives does, intuitively. Since Crosby and Sinatra, Como and Shore do it as a matter of course, why not their educated contemporaries? Ferrier's additional items are "Blow the Southerly Wind" and "My Bonny Lad," sung with equal distinction, in the familiar arrangements of Warlock, Herbert Hughes, and Whittaker. Finally, there is uncanny "presence" in the recording, a naturalness of voice and piano (Phyllis Spurr) which is in the best tradition of ffrr.

AT his best Ives is an equally acceptable singer—by which word I mean that we can accept his performance as the model of what that song should sound like. But I find his best (in this collection called "The Return of the Wayfaring Stranger," Columbia album C 186, $3.15; LP CL 6058, $2.85) an inconsistent thing. Largely speaking, Ives sounds most natural and sincere to me in the simple, lyric songs such as "On Springfield Mountain," "Little Mohee," and the "Troubador Song," most affected and "folksy" in the dramatic ballads of the "The Divil and the Farmer," "Roving Gambler," and "John Hardy" type. As for "Lord Randall"—no one who has ever heard the aforementioned Norman Allin sing it, or "Edward, My Son," can be content with this limited simulation of such quality.

I find a special interest in Ives's "On Springfield Mountain," for I have frequently read in program notations of Copland's "Lincoln Portrait" that this folk song is one part of its texture. It took me three playings to realize that it is, in fact, the underlying motive of the opening section and also the peroration—a four-note motive which, in the key of G, would be D, G, B, and back to D. However, what is a genial, ambling phrase in Ives's statement, becomes in Copland's reworking something rather noble, almost epic, an instance of sophisticated elaboration that is familiar enough in European music but has rarely been so well accomplished by an American.

Those to whom the names of Suzanne Danco and Raphael Arie are unfamiliar need not blush in shame; for Danco was unknown to me a few months ago, Arie a few weeks ago. However, Danco's superlative singing of Ravel's "Schéhérazade" was a full-

Suzanne Danco—dark, vibrant.

fledged example of a vocal bird on the wing, sufficient to establish her as an important member of the swiftly growing group of fine postwar singers. Her latest issue is the expressive "Amarilli" of Caccini, sung with superb purity of voice and a conscious kind of artistry that recalls the art of Maggie Teyte. Danco's voice, however, is darker, more vibrant, capable of more virtuoso effects than the Teyte that is known to this generation. With it is "Deh piu a me non v'ascondete" of Bononcini (London T. 5121, $2), whose gentle roulades and leggiero passages are accompanied as casually as breathing. A rare singer, this Danco, whose "Dichterliebe" of Schumann (promised for early release on a ten-inch London LP) may be awaited impatiently.

It is even harder to speak with restraint of Raphael Arie, whose "Death of Boris," with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Josef Krips (London T. 5125, $2), challenges such memorable classics of the phonograph as the versions of Chaliapin and Kipnis. Like them, he sings in Russian, in a rich rolling timbre that is susceptible of remarkable variations of color and dynamics. My single reservation is that Arie's voice is even too healthy and unblemished for the aging, stricken Czar, that its virility and richness could be moderated more in the interests of dramatic credibility.

However, that is asking much of this enormously talented artist—a Yugoslav, I am told—when he has made his debut in so arresting a fashion. The versions of Chaliapin and Kipnis will continue to be cherished for their tragic accent, but no one could know how beautiful this music is without hearing Arie sing it, and Krips deftly underline it with the comments of the orchestra. —I. K.

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Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Bailey, Pearl: "Ma." Harmony 30167, 47¢.	A cogent argument for the thesis that the most potent factor in popular music is pace and rhythm, for by the application of modern concepts in both respects La Bailey makes this tired tune of the Twenties as racy as something written yesterday. For reasons of her own, Bailey devotes the other three minutes at her disposal to the injunction "Don't Sit on My Bed."
Basie, Count: "Did You See Jackie Robinson Hit That Ball?" RCA Victor 20-3514, 79¢.	A rhetorical question if there ever was one, for who has not seen the agile Jackie, either in person, television, or news reel? A jaunty opus, complete with crowd noises from the Basie band, and a vocal jubilation by Taps Miller. The best of its kind since "Joltin' Joe Di Maggio" of Les Brown fame. Coupled with it is the lively "Shoutin' Blues," which gives Basie two for two here, which is 1,000 for the disc.
Crosby, Bing: "Paradise." Harmony 1007, 47¢.	A particularly fetching Crosby revival sung in that voice-that-never-was-on-land-or-sea, like looking at a McClelland Barclay drawing or a Sears, Roebuck catalogue of 1929. Included are whistling effects, drooling saxophones, and other echoes of dear, departed times. With it is "She Reminds Me of You," a less celebrated Crosby opus, but one not less notable for personal accent.
Cugat, Xavier: "Minsan Lamang." Columbia 38516, 63¢.	Described as a Philippine folk song, this is in Cugat's Relaxed, langorous vein. Admirable for the less strenuous sorts of dancing, and for tropical atmosphere, resort-hotel style. Largely similar, in a more pronounced rumba vein, is "Rumbasia" on the overside.
Desmond, Johnny: "Wedding of Lili Marlene." MGM 10499, 63¢.	The Desmond voice is a likable one, but the ballad in question quickly makes it evident that its only reason for existence is a settlement of Lili Marlene's fate. Since the lyric writers didn't tell Desmond, he can't tell us.
Ellington, Duke: "Take Love Easy." Columbia 38519, 63¢.	Another lyric injunction from the Duke on the order of "Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me." This means a graceful, melodic phrase, some rhythmic bumps from below, and appropriate seasoning from the instrumental virtuosos of the orchestra, especially Johnny Hodges on saxophone. Dolores Parker applies the vocal varnish, as she does on the overside, "I Could Get a Man."
Goodman, Al: "South Pacific." RCA Victor BN 3, $2.95.	A supplementary report on the Rodgers-Hammerstein score, filed on four ten-inch discs by Barrister Goodman and various plaintiffs. Among them, the most effective are Dickinson Eastham (an understudy for Pinza on several occasions) and Jimmy Carroll. Eastham sings "Some Enchanted Evening" and "This Nearly Was Mine" with fervor and good voice, Carroll "Younger than Springtime" with fervor and more voice than his opposite number, Billy Talbert. However, Sandra Deel as Mary Martin and Thelma Carpenter as Juanita Hall are miscast. Very fine recording, in a boomy style.
Goodman, Benny: "Limehouse Blues." Harmony 1011, 47¢.	A reissue from the fabulous Goodman catalogue, this one featuring an early wartime ensemble that included Mel Powell on piano, Lou McGarrity on trombone, both performing with fine zest and enthusiasm. There is less that is special about "If I Had You," on the other side, but it is good, sound Goodman sextet work.
James, Harry: "Tuxedo Junction." Columbia 38526, 63¢.	Out of his past, James summons an old flame—Le Jazz Hot—to whom he pays court with fervor and enthusiasm. The results are not always reciprocal but the evidence of such loyalty, even if fleeting, is touching. Some of the incidental solos on the two-part arrangement are good, by an unnamed sax and trombone as well as the James trumpet.
MacRae, Gordon: "Wedding of Lili Marlene." Capitol 57-711, 79¢.	Another doleful tribute to "the sweetheart of a nation" (though Allies or Axis, the lyric doesn't specify) on the occasion of her wedding—long belated—to some undeserving, anonymous swain. Since MacRae doesn't have the voice of a Kipnis, it may be only concluded that Capitol has been studying its Telefunken records, with interesting results. Overside we are assured "There Are Twenty-Four Hours of Sunshine" ("When You're in Love"). It's as bad as it sounds.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Concerning "Carnaval"

SIR: In reading the July issue of your section, I have noticed an item in your LETTERS column requesting assistance for a reissue of Rachmaninoff's playing of "Carnaval." . . . Of course, I would prefer to have it on Vinylite, but would not turn down an opportunity to own it though it were to be issued on regular shellac records. . . . It is rather unfortunate that RCA Victor cannot be convinced by someone that they would reap a far richer harvest if they would restore some of the very excellent recordings by the great artists who are no longer living than some of the horrible recordings they have been issuing in recent years by artists who cannot compare in any respect. I, however, have found from personal experience that protests are wasted effort.

RUTH MARY COLAN.

Baltimore, Md.

SIR: We are three more to add to your list of enthusiasts for Rachmaninoff's recording of "Carnaval."

WANDA WHITE.
MARTIN BOHN.
JAMES GILMORE.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: You can put me down for a reissue of the Rachmaninoff "Carnaval." I would like also to see the Cortot recordings of the Chopin Waltzes reissued!

MICHAEL H. ELIOT.

Tucson, Ariz.

SIR: I have just profited by the reissue of "Gurrelieder," now being able to actually hear it instead of reading about it. Include me on your "Carnaval" list.

TED JAMISON, JR.

Toledo, Ohio.

SIR: I should be very pleased to be included in your list for a reissue of Rachmaninoff's recording of "Carnaval."

EDITH POTT.

Sheffield, Mass.

SIR: I should be pleased to have you add my name to those on your list for the reissue of Rachmaninoff's recording of "Carnaval."

REX UHL.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To those above, and others who have expressed an interest in the reissue of Rachmaninoff's "Carnaval," it can only be said that the emphatic and quite consistent demand for this album, from many and varied localities, should have its just reward before too long. So far as I know, the masters are in workable shape, and the possibility of their reproduction on Vinylite—perhaps as an instrumental equivalent of the "Heritage" series for vocalists, though not at such inflated prices—would delight many collectors. Some additional demands might accelerate the workings of the company processes.*

In Re Dixieland

SIR: Has Hobson been sleeping? Hasn't he heard about the big Dixieland revival in New Orleans? I think it is about time you published an article about it. (A serviceable one would be welcome. ED.). It has gained such popularity here that (believe it or not) two such concerts were given at the outdoors "Pops" concerts recently. When Sharkey Bonano and his orchestra came in on a "tailgate wagon," the people danced in the streets, and the "formal" audience applauded thunderously.

ROBERT R. MONTGOMERY.

New Orleans, La.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dancing in the streets is a phenomenon rarer in America than blackbirds flying out of a pie; hence we trust that Reader Montgomery's report is literal, not figurative. If the eminent Bonano commands such Pied Piperish talents, we commend him for an engagement at Lake Success, where ensemble dancing of any sort would be intensely welcome.*

Milanov Debut?

SIR: An excerpt from the column of Thomas Heinitz (THE OTHER SIDE, July) suggests that Zinka Milanov has taken to recording for foreign labels. I am elated to read that she has made her debut on records abroad, and hope to recapture the moments of ectasy I lived through as I stood and listened to her Aida, Gioconda, Tosca Santuzza, etc. Can you tell me what label she is recording for in Europe?

FRED T. WROZINA.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *So far as I know, the records by Milanov that have appeared abroad are reissues from her American catalogue, and not new recordings. They would, in any case, be on the HMV label, Victor's affiliate in England, and under various* nommes du disques *in the rest of Europe.*

Geon and LLP's

SIR: In the July RECORDINGS issue you mention London LP on a "British plastic called Geon—instead of Vinylite." I think if you will investigate you will find that to be a U.S. trade name developed by our enterprising chemical companies for an international plastic called *polyvinylchloride.* I may have the chemical name wrong but I'm sure that Geon and Vinylite are the same plastic.

JAMES S. HODGES, JR.

Detroit, Mich.

SIR: Noting the announcement of London on their LP plans, and also noting the sponsorship by the same firm of the "Deutsche Grammophon" records, I wonder if there is any chance of London producing these German discs on LP.

HARRY MURDOCK.

Minneapolis, Minn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reader Hodges may have a point in his analysis of Vinylite and Geon. The principal factor involved seems to be that Geon is produced locally in Britain, and thus does not require dollar purchases. Our present information is that Germany will confine its efforts for the while to 78 rpms. London imports the finished discs, has nothing to do with their processing or production.*

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Records Over the Nation

A Dealer Survey of Top Record Sellers

City and Store	*Popular Singles*	*Popular Albums*	*Classical Singles*	*Classical Albums*
BERKELEY, CALIF. (*Berkeley Music House*)	Baby, It's Cold (C)	South Pacific (C)	Ricordanza (C)	Beethoven Trio (A-LP)
BIRMINGHAM (*Stairway to Music*)	Some Enchanted Evening (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Oh, Promise Me (RCA)	Mozart #35 (C-LP)
BOSTON (*Mosher Music Co.*)	Charleston (Cap)	South Pacific (C)	La Mer—Trenet (C)	Mozart Concerto for Flute, Harp (RCA)
CINCINNATI (*Steinberg's, Inc.*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Don Carlos—Schlusnus (DG)	Gurrelieder (RCA)
DALLAS (*The Record Shop*)	Some Enchanted Evening (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Caro Nome—Sayao (RCA)	Brahms Piano Concerto #2 (C-LP)
(*Whittle Music Co.*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	Songs of Open Road (D)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Prokofieff Classical Symphony (C-LP)
DENVER (*Knight-Campbell Music Co.*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Warsaw Concerto (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
DETROIT (*Campus Record Shop*)	Somehow (MGM)	South Pacific (C)	I Vespri, Overture (HMV)	Mozart Quintets (C-LP)
(*Doubleday Book Shops*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Jalousie (RCA)	Mozart Requiem (Cet-LP)
KANSAS CTY (*Jenkins Music Co.*)	Baby, It's Cold (Cap)	Songs Without Words (Cap)	Warsaw Concerto (RCA)	South Pacific (C)
LOS ANGELES (*Birkel-Richardson Co.*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Dowland-Schiotz (RCA)	Salome (C)
MEMPHIS (*Words & Music*)	Some Enchanted Evening (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Ah, Sweet Mystery (RCA)	Liszt Piano Concerto #2 (C-LP)
MINNEAPOLIS (*Don Leary's, Inc.*)	Blue Skirt Waltz (C)	Songs Without Words (Cap)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	South Pacific (C)
NASHVILLE (*M U Sound System*)	Baby, It's Cold (C)	South Pacific (C)	Hungarian Rhapsody #2 (RCA)	Piano Quartet Encores (RCA)
NEW ORLEANS (*Doubleday Book Shops*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	La Forza (Cet-LP)
NEW YORK (*Doubleday Book Shops*)	You're Breaking My Heart (M)	South Pacific (C)	Françaix Concertino (C-T)	Hamlet (RCA)
(*Dynamic Electronics*)	You're Breaking My Heart (M)	South Pacific (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Rigoletto duets (Cet-LP)
(*Heins & Bolet*)	You're Breaking My Heart (M)	South Pacific (C)	Don Carlos—Pinza (C)	Mozart Serenade #10 (RCA)
(*Liberty Music Shops*)	Baby, It's Cold (C)	South Pacific (C)	Bachianas (C)	Salome (C-LP)
(*Rabson's*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Triana (RCA)	Salome (C-LP)
OMAHA (*Lyon & Healy, Inc.*)	Some Enchanted Evening (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Dvorak Symphony #4 (C)
PORTLAND, ORE. (*The Record Shop*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	Return of Wayfaring Stranger (C-LP)	Frühlingsstimmen (C-T)	Bartered Bride Excerpts (RCA)
(*Sherman, Clay & Co.*)	Some Enchanted Evening (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Frühlingsstimmen (C-T)	Dances Not for Dancing (RCA)

Compiled as of August 11, 1949.

Key: A—Allegro C—Columbia Cap—Capitol Cet—Cetra C-T—Capitol-Telefunken DG—Deutsche Grammophon M—Mercury RCA—RCA Victor

Leaders: Columbia's original-cast recording of "South Pacific" still maintains its phenomenal popularity this month. Only two out of twenty-three stores reporting fail to list it. In the other categories, summer apathy has made itself felt. Vaughn Monroe's "Riders in the Sky" is again the favorite among popular singles, with the Perry Como waxing of "Some Enchanted Evening" a close second. No strong trends are evident in the classical columns, except perhaps in the case of Iturbi's "Clair de Lune"—one of the all-time record best sellers.

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LLP. 2

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The Paris Conservatory Orchestra Conducted by Erich Kleiber

LLP. 7

SYMPHONY NO. 5 IN C MINOR, OP. 67 (Beethoven)

The Paris Conservatory Orchestra Conducted by Carl Schuricht

LPS. 54

SYMPHONY NO. 101 IN D MAJOR ("CLOCK") (Haydn)

L'Orchestre De La Suisse Romande Conducted by Ernest Ansermet

LLP. 14

TRISTAN AND ISOLDE (Wagner)

Prelude and Liebestod

PARSIFAL (Wagner)

Good Friday Music

The London Philharmonic Orchestra Conducted by Clemens Krauss

LLP. 3

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Romeo's Reverie and Fete of the Capulets • Queen Mab Scherzo • Scene D'Amour (Love Scene)

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LLP. 43

COCKAIGNE OVERTURE, OP. 40 (Elgar)

(In London Town)

THE WAND OF YOUTH SUITE No. 1 (Elgar)

The London Philharmonic Conducted by Eduard Van Beinum

LLP. 4

STRING QUARTET NO. 6 IN F MAJOR, OP. 96 ("American") (Dvorak)

ADAGIO AND FUGUE IN C MINOR (K546) (Mozart)

The Griller String Quartet

LPS. 27

ERIC COATES' CONCERT

Suite "The Three Men" • Suite "The Three Bears" • Dance Of The Orange Blossoms

The New Symphony Orchestra Conducted by Eric Coates

LPB. 16

ON PARADE

Colonel Bogey • Sons Of The Brave • Old Comrades • Entry Of The Gladiators • Liberty Bell • Stars And Stripes • Shanghai Sailor • Turkish Patrol • The Airborne Division March • The Pathfinders March

The Band of H. M. Irish Guards

LLP. 12

JANINE MICHEAU OPERATIC CONCERT

Barber Of Seville—Una Voce Poco Fa (Rossini) • Pearl Fishers—Cavatine De Leila (Bizet)

The London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Muir Mathieson

Louise—Depuis Le Jour (Charpentier) • Tales Of Hoffman—Doll Song (Offenbach) • Romeo And Juiet—Waltz Song (Gounod) • Mireille—Waltz Song (Gounod) • Mignon—Polonaise (Thomas) • Variations (Proch)

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Radio Beromunster Orchestra conducted by Paul Burkhardt

LPS. 13

A CONCERT OF FAVORITES BY EUGENE CONLEY

Beloved (Arr: Farnon) • Ah! Sweet Mystery Of Life (Herbert) • Forgotten (Cowles) • Because (D'Hardelot) • Thine Alone (Herbert) • I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen (Arr: Farnon) • I Hear You Calling Me (Marshall) • Danny Boy (Arr: Farnon)

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